

# Sports Illustrated



MARCH 9, 1977

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FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH,  
PORTUGUESE, GERMAN,  
AND RUSSIAN



# Footloose

by MARK KRAM

**A CHOPPY STRIDE, THE FALLING SHAFTS,  
THE END OF A HONG KONG RICKSHA RIDE**

It was one of those Hong Kong days when the heat garrotes the spirit, and any thought is labor. I remember him running, weaving, and I recall thinking at the time how no American-sized halfback could have beat him at what he was doing. And then I see him down in front of the ricksha, his straw hat lying upside down and wobbling, and the tourist cameras clicking like thousands of nervous chattering teeth. And I wondered in what picture folder would the death of this ricksha puller go—one labeled "local color," perhaps?

My only acquaintance with rickshas had been through films where more than once James Cagney was being bounced toward danger and a supreme act of patriotism. Sometimes it was Sidney Greenstreet, and there was no question as to his destination, the nearest hole in the law. A word of flawless Chinese, and the ricksha was off, moving like a crochet needle through the traffic. Aside from the obvious social comment of the blessed and the unblessed, there was the raw physics of the scene; how could such a spare man transport a mountain of pumpered flesh so swiftly? The scene has also cost me money at the track, for from it—recurring like an itch in the center of the back—came this puzzle: If Sidney could be carried in a ricksha by a man who looked as if he had rickets, why can't 1,000 pounds of well-fed horse carry a bit of high weight? The question never seemed to go away, until I now brusquely conclude that there is no mammal in the world whose stamina is equal to that of a ricksha puller.

It takes a certain suspension of reality to ride in a ricksha, and I could not do it for a long time. First, there is a persistent self-consciousness that seems to preclude any fun, a twinge of missionary shock at the poor soul in front of you being so ill used.

In Hong Kong this scene was a commonplace: a tourist, sweating heavily, his collar open, pulling his wife, shaded by a big hat. Sometimes the tourists would pull the Chinese pullers, and always there were those little cameras—like black bugs—catching it all for those long nights back home at the American Legion Hall. Eventually I would climb into a ricksha—for the first and last time.

Like a long-forgotten smell, or the flesh of a picture (a hand, a face, a frozen bird in a winter field, anything that recalls pain or joy), that moment in Hong Kong returned

again. Just back from that city, a friend reported that the life of the ricksha is near its end; to the educated Chinese, to civic leaders it has become offensive. It disfigures Hong Kong's reputation as one of the most Westernized cities in the Far East. There are only 20 licensed rickshas, another 30 or so that are not licensed, and no new licenses will be issued. Were it not for an economic slump, a shortage of factory jobs (as Western as you can get right now), no ricksha would be seen on the streets.

The friend continued, but my mind was back in time, to a face, a second. I had finally decided to take a ride in a ricksha, and here I was stepping up to the seat. I told the puller merely to go, and even as I said it, I thought how stupidly frivolous it was; I allowed that I would get out in a few blocks. The puller never looked back, his head instantly began moving through the thick growth of people and cars. The day was hot, the smells were foreign yet as clear as the ring of cymbals, and my eyes stayed on the lower part of his body as he never broke his short, choppy stride. His agility and endurance held the eye.

Then, as quick as the snap of a dry twig, the shafts hit the ground, he turned toward me . . . and then he went down. He lay there, his eyes oblivious to the awful glare of the sky, and then he was gone as all of Hong Kong seemed to hover over him. Days later I began talking to a puller near the ferry docks, which was sort of a cabstand for rickshas. I asked him if he knew the man who had died. He said he had known him long, that his name was Lai Kai and that he was nearly 80 years old. He said that Lai Kai was a good, honest man, and he would be missed. The old puller, he said, had dragged that ricksha for 40 years, covering more than 14,000 miles, none of which, I knew, was in a straight line. Pointing to a junk far out in the water, he said the old man once could do a similar distance in 11 minutes. I took the junk to be a mile away, and inwardly laughed. Looking at me, sensing doubt, he insisted, nodding, "Yes, yes."

Pausing for some response, he continued: "Very strong, Lai Kai. Very fast." He went on to say how the pullers, when not hung, would race, and that Lai Kai had been unbeatable until he became too old. He then indicated a ricksha standing in the sun. It belonged to Lai, the puller said, nodding, while shaking his head, "Too old, Lai Kai. No want to beg." Being young then, I quickly forgot the incident. It is only lately that it returns with clarity, when a horse like Forego cannot carry a feathery 134 pounds. And then I see a choppy stride, can almost feel a frozen moment in which all the details are perfect: the falling shafts, the turn of Lai, the end of the greatest handicapped runner in the world, like the puller who knew him, I, too, insist that he was.

END

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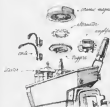
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## VIEWPOINT

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

### OFFICIALS ASK FOR MEASURES AGAINST SOCCER PLAYERS WHO CUDDLE. CUDDLE?

Personally, I enjoy watching expressions of joy, brio, élan, that sort of thing, even in sports, but I realize that not everyone does. For instance, as is well known, the NCAA some time ago declared the gladsome slamming down of footballs in the end zone or of basketballs through the hoop to be illegal. When Pepper Rodgers was head football coach at UCLA he used to hold spiking practice, allowing each potential scorer to develop and polish his own style of exclamation. But spiking and dunking struck the NCAA as too rambunctious, or something, so it denied these practices to true amateurs.

Now, in London, the Football Association Match and Grounds Committee has recommended that British soccer players be stopped from "kissing and cuddling and making gestures [of affection] to the crowd when a goal has been scored."

Right. M.&G. committeemen don't start jumping around hugging each other after passing a particularly satisfying recommendation. Why should footballers after a goal?

The trouble is, "cuddling" is especially hard to define, and the word looks silly in a passage of football legislation. Not to mention press accounts. Surely the committee does not want the British sports pages filled with quotes like, "All I do is give Miles a little pat and, bingo, it's cuddling. I don't even like the man. Leeds can nuzzle each other's ears and it's not cuddling. But we so much as smile at each other and, 'Twee! I saw that. You cuddled.'"

"Unnecessary tenderness" might be a better term. But still referees would have to make some sticky judgment calls. Perhaps the English could take a leaf from the folks who run the NCAA. They outlawed spiking not by speaking their presumable feelings, and ruling that "anyone throwing the ball to the ground in a frolicsome manner shall be penalized 15 yards for causing the game to seem like fun," but by decreeing a player would be penalized for failure to return the ball to an official immediately after a score.

The point is to ban by indirection. Perhaps in England a player could be penalized if he did not run over to an official immediately after scoring and make 15 seconds of polite conversation. By that time his and his teammates' delight should have abated, and they could behave with dignity.

The Britishers might take one other tip from American football. Put facemasks and full sets of pads on their chaps. Let them try to kiss and cuddle then.

END

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

# BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

JOCKS TALK VERY, YOU KNOW, CLASSY, AT LEAST IN THEIR, YOU KNOW, BOOKS

You know, it has become an accepted verity that modern athletes are a bright bunch. And why not? Many have loitered in classrooms between practice sessions, have read magazines available in airplanes on road trips and have generally proved themselves to be gentlemen of cerebration. Indeed, many of the most notable intellects in the athletic world have, you know, written books, visting upon the literature the most profound of what President Ford calls "judgements."

Naturally, people ask: Do these tomes generally approximate the way the athlete in question really talks? My answer invariably is: No.

Years ago I remember reading a war novel—it was *The Caine Mutiny*—in which the author wrote a foreword saying that he had made an effort to be factual historically in every respect except the language used. Servicemen, he said, employ so many obscenities so regularly that it would be pointless to duplicate them. We have come to that pass with athletes today, although not with the usual run-of-the-mill indelicacies. You know, I would welcome the day when athletes were vulgar again. Oh, what a joy to hear some "f---t's and a bleep and even an (expletive deleted) or an old-fashioned ———.

Instead, there is really only one obscenity that overwhelms every athlete's conversation, that becomes increasingly offensive, truly more vulgar, than, you know, all the dirty words that have ever been coined. Today, you know, virtually all athletes are, you know, functionally incapable of using an English sentence, you know, without this special abasement of our, you know, tongue.

It is time that we in the business of reporting on athletes began to portray the way these masterminds really talk. For starters, there are the true versions of some of the most common things that our scholar-athletes say. "We're going to, you know, play them one at a time. . . . I was trying to get a, you know, piece of it. . . . He never, you know, laid a glove on me. . . . I geev my horse, you know, the wherp. . . . I, you know, got it. . . . Ready, set. One you know, two you know, three you know. . . ."

And to make everything properly up-to-date, let's not forget: "I should have, you know, stood in bed. . . . Winning is, you know, everything. . . . Nice guys, you know, finish, you know, last. . . ."

They don't, you know, make 'em like, you know, they used to.

END

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## TEMPEST IN TEXAS

The fine line between being a responsible citizen and a reprehensible informer is under considerable discussion, much of it passionate, in the state of Texas. Two Texas A&M freshman basketball players, Karl Godine and Jarvis Williams, were suspended by the Southwest Conference last month for violating recruiting rules. The talented pair, who had been all-state when they played for state champion Kashmere High in Houston, were said to have accepted cash bonuses, the use of new automobiles, gifts for their parents and other illegal inducements. The players, protesting their innocence, went into court and obtained an injunction against the suspensions, pending a rehearing of their case by the conference's faculty committee. In court it came out that the alleged recruiting violations had been called to the conference's attention last September by Leon Black, basketball coach at the University of Texas.

The Texas coach was vilified by A&M supporters, who claimed that the fierce rivalry between the two schools had prompted Black's action. He was called a stool pigeon. He received abusive phone calls at three o'clock in the morning. At basketball games A&M students altered their traditional cheer to "Beat the hell out of Leon Black" instead of using the name of the opposing team.

At the rehearing last week, the charges against Godine and Williams were upheld by an 8-1 vote, Texas A&M casting the only dissenting ballot. The players were suspended for the rest of this season and all of next, although they will retain their scholarships. Texas A&M was punished, too; the number of basketball scholarships it is allowed to give annually was reduced from five to four for the next two years.

Where did this leave Black, who still bore the brand of informer? Should he have looked the other way?

Darrell Royal, athletic director at Texas, says, "Leon told me, 'I said to those kids during recruiting that they would be

investigated whether they went to Texas A&M, the University of Texas or wherever.' " The conference, in a formal statement, thanked Black publicly and commended him "for performing his mandatory duty," a commendation that seems well deserved.

A few days later, denying that his decision had been prompted by publicity rising out of the suspensions, Leon Black resigned as basketball coach at Texas.

## SKY'S THE LIMIT

When in 1953 Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay became the first men to climb Mount Everest, they probably did not appreciate how much money they were saving by getting there before the crowd. Now that the world's highest peak has become a tourist attraction, Nepal charges a fee for an expedition to the top from Katmandu, and in fact has just upped the ante from \$800 to \$1,200. That's a real price hike.

## OLYMPIAN HEIGHTS

The Montreal Olympics seems to have turned one of those mythical corners. Work on the stadium is moving ahead, and words and phrases such as "disaster" and "postponement" and "plans for alternate sites" are heard less frequently. In their place are more traditional pre-Olympic news stories, notably those that dwell with relish on minor catastrophes that don't really matter at all.

For instance, Canadians have failed to respond to the "official" Olympic Games welcoming song. Recorded by a teen-age singing sensation named René Simard, whose records usually sell in the hundreds of thousands in Canada, *Bienvenue à Montréal* (Welcome to Montreal) has been a bomb. Miffed by this is André Morin, whose title is director general of official ceremonies. "We could sell millions of records," he says, "but it must be played over the air. The press and the radio don't want it on the air because of their personal evaluation of the song."

A Montreal radio station confirms this, but insists that its refusal to play

*Welcome to Montreal* is actually an effort to help the Olympics. The song, it says, is both unimaginative and overpromotional, and because there is so much cynicism already about the Olympics, "playing the song might turn a lot of people off."

Then there is the controversy rising out of Queen Elizabeth's scheduled visit to the Olympics. It seems the plumbing system on the royal yacht, *HMS Britannia*, does not conform to Canada's new and rather stringent environmental regulations. "Delicate negotiations" to solve the "touchy problem" are underway, and the question of the royal flush, as it is cheerfully called in Canadian papers, has become a front-page story.

*Bienvenue à Montréal, your majesty.*

## SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Now that Montreal has everything under control, what about Moscow and the 1980 Olympics? One report says the Soviets, undeterred by the bundle the Canadians have gone for, are budgeting \$8 billion for their own three-week show, seven times what Montreal is spending. Of course, that includes funds for high-priced fringe benefits, such as hotels, motels, campsites and a lavish Olympic Village, all of which will accommodate 40,000 people. Moscow already has Olympic sized Lenin Stadium (cap. 104,172), but it will build some 15 new sports structures. To help finance this ambitious program the Soviets are thinking of going the way of all flesh and instituting a worldwide Olympic lottery.

## GLOW IT HERE, BABE

It's so American to want something better, even a catcher's mitt. A few years ago someone designed an outsize pillow of a glove to flug down errant knuckleballs, and now Al Campanis, vice-president of the Dodgers, has taken out a patent on a fluorescent one. As with so many strokes of genius, it came to Campanis in a flash. Listening to an old tape recording of Branch Rucker one day, he heard baseball's revered pundit say, "Someday someone will invent something to make pitchers concentrate on the catcher's target." Not long afterward, Campanis passed a cluster of highway workmen in fluorescent orange that made them more visible to passing motorists. "Of course!" Campanis said to himself and at once phoned—well, he waited until he got home—the Rawlings Sporting Goods

*continued*

Company with his idea. Basically, it is a mitt with a 2½" perimeter of orange fluorescent vinyl that outlines the glove and—at night particularly—turns it into a target. Now all Campanis has to invent are pitchers who can hit the target.

#### DEEP FREEZE

The famous speed-skating rink in West Allis, Wis., near Milwaukee, where Sheila Young, Peter Mueller and other Olympic speed-skating stars train, is in jeopardy. The state-owned rink, the only Olympic-sized, 400-meter oval in the country, operates at a deficit (about \$13,000 this season), and auditors have recommended that it be closed.

"So far it hasn't happened," says Business Manager Walter Rueckert, "and I



imagine we'll open again next November. But we can't stay open long if losses continue to be heavy."

The rink cost the state of Wisconsin \$500,000 to construct, and an additional \$363,000 has been put into it since (debt retirement runs to \$44,000 annually), but the annual deficit derives only from operating expenses.

"The size of the deficit depends on public attendance," Rueckert says. "We charge \$1 for adults and 75¢ for children, but this year public skating was way down because of the warm fall. We had to close on Jan. 25, two weeks earlier than usual, because of our losses."

The U.S. Olympic Committee paid \$12,000 to use the rink for the Olympic Trials and a couple of big meets, but it is conjectural whether the USOC could

take over management of the rink and assume its expenses. Upset by reports that the rink might close, Marquette basketball Coach Al McGuire declared, "There must be 13 companies in the Milwaukee area that could each find \$1,000 somewhere to help save the rink." A Milwaukee disk jockey named Larry the Legend has raised \$2,000 in contributions from his listeners.

But there it stands, or melts. Six of America's 10 Olympic medals at Innsbruck were won by skaters who trained at West Allis. If the rink has to close, what happens to U.S. speed skating?

#### THE BARK THAT BITES

Out of the pages of a guide to North American trees, the Baltimore Sun has come up with the following cast of characters for a western movie:

*Bull Pine*: owner of the *Ponderosa*, biggest ranch in the valley.

*Virginia Pine*: Bull's pretty daughter.

*Yellow Pine*: Bull's weakling son, who has been hanging out lately with...

*Black Birch*: a ne'er-do-well dandy who has long been suspected of cattle rustling.

*Red Spruce*: Bull's two-fisted, straight-shooting foreman, whose suit for the hand of Virginia Pine seemed destined for success—until she met...

*Douglas Fir*: new foreman over at the sawmill.

*Saw Gum*: the town banker.

*Quaking Aspen*: a frail-hearted tenderfoot from the East.

*Sugar Maple*, *Honey Locust* and *Scarlet Haw*: three popular dance-hall girls seen often in the Longbranch Saloon.

*Shagbark Hickory* and *Mountain Ash*: territorial guides.

*Blackjack Oak*: a big gambler.

*Slippery Elm*: a tinhorn gambler.

All we need now are some wooden Indians.

#### GUNNERS

An analysis of shooting percentages in major college basketball shows that accuracy has risen remarkably since 1948, the first year such statistics were compiled. Back then players sank 29.3% of their field-goal attempts. By 1956 the figure was up to 37.5% and a decade later to 43.6%. The shooters continued to improve, if at a slower rate, and now are gunning away at 46.2%. When the University of Toledo upset undefeated West-

ern Michigan 88-80 a few weeks ago, it sank 65% of its shots from the floor—72% in the second half.

Although it was long an article of faith for some people that the great increase in basketball scoring over the past quarter of a century was the natural result of a more open, aggressive, go-for-the-basket style of play, the average number of field goals attempted by both teams in a game has actually dropped (138.7 in 1948, 134.3 this season). So the rise in scoring comes not from quantity but quality, from shooting that is better despite today's stronger defensive play.

What caused the improvement? Good lighting in arenas, better equipment (the modern basketball is a thing of ballistic beauty compared to those old leather lumps), an emphasis on taking high-percentage shots, the jump shot (far more accurate and productive than the old set shot), all are factors. But mostly it is the players themselves, who are bigger, stronger and more athletically adept than their predecessors and who devote much more time to developing techniques and improving skills.

Not that this will prove any solace to Western Michigan. Why did Toledo have to get so hot that last night?

#### THEY SAID IT

• Lefty Driesell, University of Maryland basketball coach, explaining why his Terps have been able to defeat North Carolina State twice: "They have a small team, just like ours, but I guess our little men are bigger than their little men."

• Judge Aaron Brown of Toronto, ruling that Dan Maloney of the Detroit Red Wings must stand trial on assault charges resulting from an on-ice fight: "It is both good law and good sense that the force and effect of the criminal law should apply equally and evenly inside and outside the sporting arena."

• Guy Druet, French hurdler, favored to win his specialty at Montreal: "It's easier to win the Olympics than the U.S. championship. At the Olympics you have only three Americans to beat."

• John McKay, coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, asked how he and his staff were managing to operate without any players because of the delayed allocation draft: "We all have swivel chairs. We look at one wall for a while, then turn and look at another."

END

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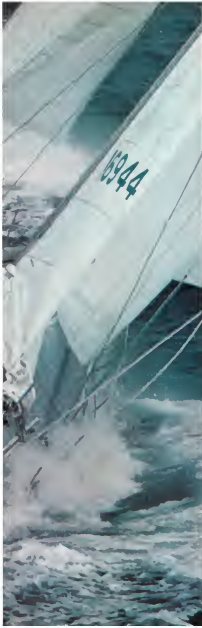


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# 'REACHING AND RETSCHING' TO NASSAU

*Strident winds and steep seas beset seasick sailors in the centerpiece race of the 1978 Southern circuit*

by CARLETON MITCHELL

For weeks it had blown fresh, the windiest Florida winter in recent memory, yet the opening four events of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference had fallen during lulls. Now, finally, an advancing cold front was synchronized with the starting gun. As 79 yachts carrying deeply reefed mainsails and oilskinned crews plunged beyond the protecting breakwater of Miami's Government Cut, they were met by cresting seas. Churned sand turned the shallows pale jade, laced by whitecaps. Spume formed a fine mist, softening the skyline inshore but not hiding marching hillocks lifting above the horizon in the Gulf Stream. There would be brutal tests of hulls and sails, crews and gear before lines could be put ashore 176 nautical miles away in Nassau.

When Class I of Division I crossed the starting line at 2 p.m. on that lively day last week, the wind had clocked through west to east of north, and a bank of offshore clouds plus the normal weather sequence presaged a further shift into the east. It was only a question of time and place for each vessel until the close reach at the start would become a windward thrash. *Baccara*, skippered by George Coumantarós, who was supported by the redoubtable Arthur Knapp, plowed through the vintage big-boat class to an early lead. Fifteen

*Bounding toward her destination, Cherisma vies with Sparrowhoofe*

minutes later came a second big-boat class com-

*Continued*

posed of newer yachts competing for honors in Division II.

Although the attention of the few spectators braving the elements was undeniably focused on the *dernier cri*, young and old boats alike were greeted by an impartially wet welcome off Miami. The line between soundings and offshore depths was marked by more than a transition from pale green to purple-blue water. Peaked wavelets and smoky spindrift on the backs of bigger waves signaled the edge of the Gulf Stream, accompanied by the usual sudden increase in wind velocity. For the entire crossing, crews were to form human ballast along weather rails, rhythmically drenched by a fire hose of salt spray and occasionally taking a more solid clout as the crest of a sea broke and jetted over bowed heads. Winchmen on the lee deck knelt in rushing water as rails scooped, cockpits resembled bathtubs, and everything below was soon soaked. Chuck Coyer Jr. of *Phoenix* compared a trick on the helm to "driving a truck without a windshield in a sheet storm." Most competitors reported an average of 28 to 32 knots of wind over the deck throughout the race. Before dawn, sustained velocities of more than 40 knots, which qualify as a fresh to strong gale on the Beaufort scale, were recorded aboard a steamer in the area.

The course to Nassau is divided into roughly three legs by two lighthouses on cays at the corners of the Great Bahama Bank. The wind was just enough north of east to require a difficult decision: sheet flat and hold high, slowed by the seas, or slack off and go faster, but end up farther to leeward of the mark, requiring a short or long tack to round. As boats came together not only at Great Isaac, the first mark across the Gulf Stream, but also at Great Stirrup, where the fleet turns to head for Nassau, precious minutes were gained or lost.

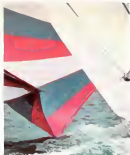
For *Baccara*, a husky 73-footer of the old breed and first to finish, it was a wet but easy race. For others there were hairy moments. *Ramrod* broke a stay, *Carriacole* had rudder failure, *Charisma* lost the top of her mast and limped under power into Freeport. "Yesterday's hero, today's bum," said helmsman Dennis Conner. He had won the 1975 SOWC with the One-Tonner *Singer*. Some episodes could be laughed at in retrospect. Robbie Doyle on *Rantler* stepped in leaking diesel oil below; coming on deck, his boots skidded. As he plunged headfirst

through the lifelines he made a grab at a winch. The handle came off in his hand. "Save that winch handle!" came a shout.

Real tragedy almost struck before the fleet had cleared the Gulf Stream. Caroline Benson went below on the 40-foot sloop *Mary E II* at 5:30 p.m. to perform the heroic act of preparing dinner. At the time her husband, skipper Chuck Benson, put their position as some 23 miles from Great Isaac. Caroline called up that there was water in the bilge, and an electric pump was turned on. Fifteen minutes later Caroline again voiced concern. Soon it became apparent there was a serious leak. Seacocks were closed and spare pumps manned, but still the water gained. At 8:15 the first of 11 parachute flares was launched, and a Mayday was sounded on the radio.

Driving through the black night in 12- to 15-foot seas, other crews saw and heard the distress signals. *Phoenix* and *J&B* were the first to arrive. While several boats that had also peeled off course stood by, *Phoenix* took Caroline Benson and a girl crew member over the bow pulpit, plus three men from an inflatable rubber boat. Later, by shouted agreement, *Phoenix* went back on course, leaving *J&B* to finish the job. Co-owners Jack Sutphen and Mort Engel and their crew responded in the best traditions of the sea. The six remaining men aboard *Mary E II* were taken with their gear one by one from a rubber boat trailing astern of the sinking yacht. After a Coast Guard spotter plane came out from Miami, a helicopter followed to lower a pump. Two men were put back aboard the stricken craft, now wallowing deep, but the pump did not help. It was only when a Coast Guard cutter approached that *J&B* resumed racing at 4:50 next morning, shortly before *Mary E II* went down in 310 fathoms. A crack in the fiber-glass hull aft of the mast step was believed by Benson to be the source of the leak.

For those on *J&B* the next 24 hours came close to being pure hell. Now the wind had hauled farther east, so it was a dead beat not only to Great Isaac, but also most of the way to Stirrup. With 14 persons aboard, *J&B* met the seas sluggishly. Below, exhausted and seasick men sprawled on soaked seabags and sails. There was barely room to crawl. Finally, after turning the corner at Stirrup, sheets could be eased, so *J&B* came "reaching and retching" across the finish at 4:34 a.m. on Wednesday.



*Williwaw* is the unofficial SOWC champion.

When all the boats were in, Australia's *Bundeebee 3* had the best corrected time in Class I of Division II and fleet, with *Salty Goose* second. Seymore Snett's *Williwaw* finished second in Class 2 to *Golden Dazy*. *Williwaw*, which at this point was the unofficial overall series leader, had endured a tense crossing. In the words of *Williwaw*'s Lowell North (SI, January 26), "After Isaac we held close along the line of reefs. I left the helm to take a bearing, when suddenly Rod Davis saw a rock breaking 20 feet off the starboard bow. It scared the devil out of us. We quick-tacked, which scared the guys below even more, but

Drying out in port after the soaking down.





came back after going out only about 50 feet." For *Williwaw*, the entire race was sailed on the rigged edge of disaster. A crack in the rudder, sustained during the Feb. 20 Lipton race, was not discovered until the day before the Miami-Nassau, and temporary repairs were not completed until hours before the start. The toothpick-slim experimental aluminum mast sheathed with carbon fiber took some fearsome flexes. (As a commentary on the trend in ocean racers, carbon fiber is classified as an "exotic material," banned as too expensive to be used on 12-meter yachts competing for the America's Cup.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHNEIDERMAN



Boats going to the aid of *Mary E II* were given time adjustments, and ultimately first place and its points were shared equally by *J&B* and *Phoenix*. *Vagary* was given second place, and there was no third in class. Other class winners in Division I were *Saudade* and *Andiamo Robin*. *Golden Dory* and *Blond Melrose* topped classes 2 and 3 of Division II.

Struggling for a solution to what SORC officials saw as "a crisis in ocean racing which could ruin the sport," in the words of Nassau representative Bobby Symonette, the fleet for the first time had been divided on the basis of age as well as rating. To extend their competitive life in an era of rapid obsolescence and mounting replacement costs, yachts completed before Jan. 1, 1974 and exact sisterships were placed in Division I, although an owner could elect to sail in the second division. Division II was composed primarily of vessels incorporating the latest gear innovations and fractional advantages designers could squeeze from the rating rule, plus hotshot crews that reminded many observers of the factory teams fielded on the Grand Prix road circuit. Identical trophies would be awarded to winners of classes, and there would be no overall prize except for best performance within divisions. In a final move to deemphasize what had degenerated into an advertising showcase, the Governor of Florida Trophy, formerly emblematic of the SORC championship, was not to be awarded on the basis of overall fleet points scored but for "best performance within its class in Division II." Another prize, the S. K. Wellman Trophy, had identical significance for Division I.

There were other changes. The glamorous girls of yesteryear, the One Tonners, had been upstaged by their bigger sisters, the Two Tonners. The most conspicuous one, *Williwaw*, represented the latest thinking of Doug Peterson, abetted by North—sailmaker, helmsman and go-fast artist extraordinary.

Astern of the Miami-Nassau fleet lay a long, watery SORC trail beginning with the 103-mile Anclote Key race out of Tampa Bay, when the wind was so light the start was delayed an hour. *Williwaw* posted the best corrected time in class and fleet, and repeated the sweep in the next event, from St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale, at 409 miles the longest and most heavily weighted race in the circuit.

Then came two ocean triangles, the second a revised Lipton Cup course. The first took the fleet around Great Isaac, which can be choppy in the dark. No one came to grief in light to moderate air, and the Swedish One Tonner *Agnes* recorded the best corrected time. The Lipton Cup event, this year including a leg to the Bahamas, was started under spinaker in drifting zephyrs. The 19 starters in Division II, Class 1 split as evenly as was mathematically possible, 10 boats standing directly into the Stream and *Charisma* leading nine inshore to avoid stemming the current. At the finish, *Charisma's* bet paid off with a first.

And after the spray had settled from the Miami-Nassau bash, goombay music and limbo dancing were interrupted last Friday by the final event, the Nassau Cup, which turned out to be a pair of reaches paralleling Paradise Island. On a smooth sea under a sunny sky *Sorcery III*, ex-*Equation*, a Chance-designed centerboard ketch noted for speed off the wind, brought new owner Jim Baldwin of Oyster Bay, N.Y. home with a handsome victory over the fleet.

The series winner, although officially denied the title of SORC champion, was *Williwaw*. From a bendy mast which is controlled by hydraulic valves in the cockpit to a raw aluminum interior likened to a submarine's by a crew member, *Williwaw* is a flat-out racing machine, one built at a reputed cost of \$200,000 with the avowed purpose of winning the SORC. *Williwaw's* record in Division II, Class 2 was three firsts, two seconds plus a sixth in the Nassau Cup. In Class 1 of the division, J. B. Kirk's *Rattler* came out on top with two firsts and two seconds, while among the One Tonners, *Agnes* had the best record with three firsts and one second.

Although the spotlight shone brightest on the newer creations, Division I fulfilled its purpose by providing good competition for the older boats. *Saudade*, owned by W. T. Pascoe III of San Francisco, topped Class 1 with five firsts and one second in the six-race series. She was also awarded the S. K. Wellman Trophy. *J&B's* record was almost equally impressive—four firsts, a second and a third in Class 2. Among the vintage One Tonners, *Andiamo Robin* racked up four firsts and one third to win Class 3.

And at the bottom of the sea, in testimony to the race the whole fleet will remember longest, lay *Mary E*. **AND**



*Mound Sterling lightened his load at the start, dumping Eddie Maple.*

The Flamingo Fountain behind the grandstand at Hialeah Park bears plaques citing previous winners of what is considered the first significant 3-year-old race of each new season. The fountain, built in 1937, is somewhat grotesque, but its tranquil surroundings draw *Racing Form* students, pot smokers, sun seekers, trysters, bird lovers, social pretenders and Jockey Club members. Eventually all walk around it, and many examine the plaques. On the north side are those for the years 1955-58, which are dedicated to Nashua, Needles, Bold Ruler and Tom Terrific. These horses are the Flamingo's proof that it is a major race in the development of Kentucky Derby winners or favorites.

Last Saturday afternoon a colt named Honest Pleasure put his name up on the fountain, joining the elite of the '50s and other Churchill Downs victors—Lawris, Citation, Carry Back, Northern Dancer and Foolish Pleasure.

No longer can Honest Pleasure be considered a horse with a name like another's. Erase all mental blocks about that. Do not fail to call him by his first name. "He wears his own underwear now," said an elderly racetrack lounge in the paddock after the Flamingo. "He is not Foolish Pleasure. Foolish Pleasure, he good. But this is Mr. Honest Pleasure. He some kinda horse."

It is still too early to put Honest Plea-

sure's photograph in the Racing Hall of Fame and light candles in front of it, but he did win the Flamingo by 11 lengths. In 47 runnings of the stake no horse had won so easily. Honest Pleasure also ran the fastest of all Flamingos by going 1½ miles in 1:46½ over a wet-fast track while Jockey Braulio Baeza tried to play the part of human anchor. "My instructions," Baeza said afterward, "were to lay off the pace, second or third, and then move when the time was right. Maybe at the head of the stretch." Those orders were scrapped when the colt rolled away from the field on the first turn. But Baeza followed Trainer LeRoy Jolley's other instruction, one that was implicit—"Let's show everyone how good this horse really is."

The champion 2-year-old of 1975, Honest Pleasure has won his last seven races by an average margin of seven lengths. Of more importance perhaps is the fact that he has come back from a 3½-month layoff to win two races with enormous ease, by a total of 25 lengths. In the nine weeks remaining until he is tucked into the starting gate at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, what could come forth to challenge him?

"I took my shot," said Jack Gaver, the 35-year-old trainer of Greentree Stable's Flamingo entry, third-place finisher Johnny Appleseed. "Honest Pleasure is the best 3-year-old in the country, the

## HE LEFT THEM ALL IN THE DIRT

*Honest Pleasure showed his heels to the finest colts in Florida as he racked up records in the Flamingo*

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



*Photographed by Neil Spence*

best horse racing right now of any age. He won in a common gallop. I have a couple of horses I am high on. Johnny Appleseed is one and a colt named Charleston is the other. I have never seen a 3-year-old win like that in my life. I'm taking my colts to New Orleans. They'll start in the Louisiana Derby. In the weeks ahead I plan to be where Honest Pleasure is not."

Calumet Farm Trainer Reggie Cornell was another changing plans. "If you see Honest Pleasure in a race," Cornell said, "you won't see one of my horses competing against him unless something goes terribly wrong with him."

The Flamingo has always been a testing race, an early indicator of a 3-year-old's quality. Woody Stephens, who has trained stakes winners for decades, put Hang Ten into the race to find out how good—or bad—the colt was. "You never know what might happen," Stephens said before the start. "I feel that Hon-

est Pleasure is the best horse. But you can't win if you are not competing. Maybe he will have trouble going around two turns, or not like the track, or maybe he has been away from a tough race for too long. I have to find out how deep the water is. If a horse wins the Flamingo impressively, it scares off other owners and they have second thoughts about pointing for the Kentucky Derby." Hang Ten was beaten by 2 1/4 lengths in the Flamingo. "Water's damned deep," said Stephens. "Over my head."

Honest Pleasure's competition in the race was supposed to come from Proud Birdie, a son of 1967 Derby winner Proud Clarion. Proud Birdie had won both the Everglades and Bahamas Stakes, preps for the Flamingo. However, his popularity and press came largely from the re-

wasn't a very smart mistake, but it was my own." Pinky has not made many errors. Proud Birdie cost \$21,000 as a yearling and has won back \$86,000.

"Before a race I'm nervous," Pinky says, "and before big races I take a little Valium and don't want anyone real close to me while my horse is running. That includes my husband."

In the Flamingo, Proud Birdie ran as if he had been tranquilized. He barely budged, moving only from sixth to fifth, and never menaced Honest Pleasure. "He's a heck of a racehorse," Pinky said. "Nobody was going to beat him."

Honest Pleasure will run in the Florida Derby on April 3 and then in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland on April 22. If he wins those starts comfortably, come Saturday, May 1 he is sure to face

a relatively small Kentucky Derby field—a recognition of ability that was not accorded Foolish Pleasure, who had to beat 14 others last May.

Jolley trains both Honest Pleasure and Foolish Pleasure, as well as the outstanding 3-year-old filly, Optimistic Gal. "People ask me how you get a bunch of horses like that," Jolley says. "I don't think you could get drunk enough on whiskey to believe you could be this lucky."

The Flamingo start was a bad one. Official Charles Camac, who sent the horses away, "quick triggered," causing a decent runner, Mount Sterling, to get tangled up and to unseat his jockey, Eddie Maple. "I sure won't be popular for saying this," Lou Rondinello, Mount Sterling's trainer, said later, "but I think we got jobbed." With Maple sitting on the ground, Baeza realized one of his stronger challengers was now out of it, and he moved Honest Pleasure to the top. The tall, long son of What a Pleasure (SI, Feb. 16) won the first six furlongs in 1:09, and by then he had an eight-length lead; after a mile in 1:33 1/2 he was still eight up. He was drawing away through the final eighth of a mile.

"I don't know how many derbies I have won," Baeza said coyly after the Flamingo. "They have lots of derbies, one for almost every state. Kentucky Derbies? One. With Chateaugay." Baeza smiled. "So far," he said. **END**



Closing in on the finish, Honest Pleasure closed out his competition.

marks and comports of his trainer, 36-year-old Rosemary (Pinky) Henderson. Pinky is 6'1" (at the racetrack's suggestion she wore a pink outfit on Flamingo Day); she is a witty woman who enjoys challenging the Establishment and who apparently is a fine trainer. She says what she feels and sends out a lot of winners. When Proud Birdie won the Bahamas Pinky became the first woman to train a stakes winner at Hialeah in 37 winters. She is the mother of two, a former horse show rider and schoolteacher. She may or may not have once been a cocktail waitress in Fort Lauderdale. That has been the backstretch rumor.

Last December she tried to phone in Proud Birdie's nomination to the Flamingo; the racetrack didn't answer. She decided to call back later but forgot, and thus had to pay \$5,000 to make the colt a supplementary entry, instead of \$100, which is the regular fee. "It was a mistake," Pinky says. "I just forgot. It

Dragging his human anchor, Baeza, the colt sailed across the line.



# HO AND HUM PLAY THE PALACE

Las Vegas, customarily in Nevada, moved last week to a state of ennui, where Jimmy Connors dispatched Manuel Orantes. Both players left with a bundle, but the poor spectators were left cold

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

According to a recent survey conducted by M. T. (Rip) Off, the well-known former garage mechanic turned sports pollster, 25% of the human race approve of World Heavyweight Championship Tennis Challenge Matches staged in Quonset huts in front of droopy-eyed celebrities wondering who made them wake up so early; 23% do not; 15% are undecided; 30% "couldn't care less"; 5% favor reruns of *The Montefascos*; and the remaining 2% prefer Milton Shapp.

Be that as it may, and through circumstances nobody seems able to control, there was another one in Las Vegas last Saturday. This time it was brought to us in living boredom by CBS-TV, Caesars Palace, the one and only Bill Riordan and all the other usual suspects. If it had been a prizefight, they would have stopped it; a play, they would have closed it. Somebody—anybody—should have been ashamed.

After the left-handed American Jimmy Connors got through whipping the left-handed Spaniard Manuel Orantes in

about 10 minutes, everyone agreed the actual challenge was to stay awake during the 6-2, 6-1, 6-0 affair.

"I played today the way I'd like to play forever," said Connors.

"Sure, it embarrass me to not put on good job, but this thing sometime happen," said Orantes.

As it was, both men cleared well over the \$250,000 advertised as the winner's share. Somebody figured Connors' total haul—including TV moneys, motion picture rights, book advances, radio rebroadcasts and bubble-gum-card royalties—must work out to more than \$20,000 a game. (And they say pro basketball players are overpaid.)

This supposedly classic matchup between slugger and stick-and-jab artist materialized after Orantes upset Connors at Forest Hills last September by employing tricks, wits and guile, not to mention a few delicate rainbow lobs and the softest underspin junk this side of the public parks.

In his U.S. Open victory, Orantes managed to lull Connors into lazy rallies,

waiting until his impatient opponent made a move on a short ball before either passing him with lethal backhands or wearing him down with top-spin lobs. But in Las Vegas the Spaniard did not have any soft clay on which to run and slide nor soft skies in which to lift his balloonlike floaters.

Surrounded by the charming airplane-hangar ambience and stumbling around on the faster Supreme Court surface, Orantes appeared to be a man on a long mescaline voyage. A couple of times early in the match, Manolo was so tight he barely got the racket around on Connors' high-kicking serves.

On the other side of the net the defending champion came out smoking, not joking, determined to establish a fast pace and attain length on his shots, especially from the backhand. Though Connors has yet to prove he can play well when he gets behind, on the lead he is as tough as anybody has ever been.

After Orantes made seven errors in the first two games, Connors bore in. He would mix serves from one side to the



Money talked, and what it was saying elicited smiles from Orantes, Caesars Palace president Bill Weisberger and Connors.

other, then rush the net to put away Orantes' feeble returns. He would trap the Spaniard along the base line with heavy ground strokes, then be up early for easy volley winners. Even when Connors' approaches came short, Orantes never was able to groove his shots well enough to pass his opponent, or lob him effectively or fool him in any other way.

In the fourth game of the first set Orantes had a break point against Connors, but Jimbo served-and-volleyed a winner. In the fifth game of the second set the Spaniard had only to slug an easy overhead to hold serve and reach a 2-3 deficit in games. But, standing no more than five feet from the net, he blasted the ball into it and staggered on to win just three points in the next five games.

Behind 0-3 in the third set, Orantes did get off one lob winner. Then he threw his hands in the air feigning ecstasy. Olé! Schmolé. By that time, the glittering crowd had started for the nickel slots and some legitimate competition.

"Manolo wants a quick rematch," said promoter Riordan with a laugh immediately after the slaughter.

"Give him Coopman," said a fight fan.

Much of the time preceding this latest of tennis spectaculars was occupied by deep thinking about the concept, meaning and future of challenge matches. Are they good? Bad? Who cares?

The bottom line is that the TV-watching public happened to go bananas over what was originally a Riordan idea—first Connors against Rod Laver, then Connors against John Newcombe, then Connors with Chris Evert against Marty Riessen and Billie Jean King in that match made in heaven, "the Love Doubles"—and that alone makes it all worthwhile.

Riordan, who has broken with his protégé but retains the copyright and promotional duties for the challenge matches no matter who plays them, calls his invention nothing less than "the American way, settling our differences in the marketplace." At the same time, he bows to his many critics in recognizing the need for a more sensible method of selecting opponents.

"Connors is no Muhammad Ali," says Donald Dell, Riordan's longtime rival in player management. "Bill can't just say, 'Here's my boy Jimmy; who wants him?' anymore. Arthur Ashe (a Dell client) is the recognized No. 1 player in the world. But what does Ashe have to gain by play-

ing one of these things except money?"

"What does Connors gain but money?" says Riordan. "The public wants Connors against Ashe. But Arthur just doesn't have the guts for it. Anyway, what is Dell doing here at this decadent, ridiculous event?"

In Las Vegas, Riordan and Connors continued their recent show of tearing each other apart in separate pre-match interviews.

Connors: "He used me like a football in his cause. We have no future together now."

Riordan: "My credibility was damaged when he got out of shape and started skipping tournaments. He took a cavalier attitude toward me. It's a mother problem."

But they were perfectly friendly at practice sessions when Connors kidded Riordan about his wearing Connors-endorsed shirts.

"The problem is this phony nice-guy image," said Riordan. "Jimmy's uneasy with it because it isn't him. It's as Jimmy's favorite poet, Sadakichi, once said: 'We are what we are ere dust has been rubbed from infant eyes.' He also said, 'For every greeting, there must be a farewell.'"

As in old times, Connors agreed with the assessment. "I have to go back to normal," he said. "I've been a pussy on court. I got to come out mean and be screaming so I can kill guys. When I hold energy inside, my hands start shaking. Really. I need a release."

Connors was asked if he looked upon his confrontation with Orantes as a grudge match. "Ask my bleeping Spanish friend if he held a grudge the other eight times," he snapped. (Connors was 6-2, career, against Orantes.) Old blue mouth was back.

While Connors was undergoing his weekly psychological change of life, Orantes spent most of his time acknowledging his flimsy chances for victory. "Nobody give me a chance all my life," he would point out in his lifting way, "but here I am."

As he usually does, the quiet Manolo also went around charming everybody with his manners and curious appearance—all overdeveloped muscles and teeth, an amalgam of O.J. Simpson and Jimmy Carter—and he never stopped smiling. Nevertheless, however admirable the accomplishment at Forest Hills that got him to Las Vegas, once there Or-



*Jimbo regained the ball he lost last year.*

antes seemed totally out of his element.

The only realistic opportunity he had to top Connors occurred at Friday's weigh-in—yes, fans, a tennis weigh-in—and he did, 170 pounds to 165. But even then he was upstaged.

When Cup Scatena, the gnarled chief inspector of the Nevada State Athletic Commission, who looked as though he had seen one too many tank jobs, called the combatants forth, Connors said, "Can I take my pants off?"

And Pancho Gonzales called out, "Weigh Connors' head; it's 16 ounces."

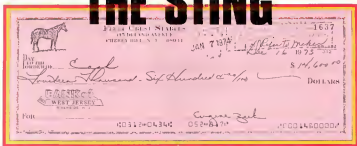
And Scatena said, "What am I doing here? Well, I can't sanction the match, but I can sanction the weigh-in." As it turned out, Scatena picked the closer contest to sanction.

Ultimately, whither challenge matches? Connors used this one for a revenge trip. "Remember, Manolo beat me in my own Nationals," he said. "I wanted my ears and tail back."

A lot of people just wanted their money back.

END

# THE STING



In a caper worthy of Newman and Redford, a horseman won the confidence of a bank and three racetracks, and then, says the FBI, took them for a cool million and skipped by **GERALD STRINE**

**G**renada, the southernmost of the Windwards, is one of those tiny Caribbean islands chock full of sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice, especially spice. Nutmeg, tonka beans, pimento, sapote, cloves, cinnamon, vanilla, ginger, bay leaves, turmeric and black pepper give the mountainous, thickly wooded island its zing. Jennifer Hosten, Grenada's Miss World of 1970, is surely everything nice. But take a closer look at one John Clancy, who may be observed at Langley Yachts.

Clancy, formerly Eugene Zeek, works out of St. George's, the capital city. He is 45 years old, and he has the capital in his pocket, in two ways, having allegedly perpetrated the greatest fraud in the long history of American horse racing—a \$1 million rip-off. "It was one of the classic cons of our time," an FBI man ruefully concedes. "Where no extradition treaty exists, there is nothing we can do. The extradition policy of such a nation is whatever the head man says it is." The present head man of Grenada, Prime Minister Dr. The Hon. Eric M. Gairy, O.L., K.G.C., F.R.S.A., J.P., shows no inclination to be inhospitable to Clancy-Zeek. So Eugene Zeek is safe and sound. This visitor knows, having dropped in on him last week. He was not happy to be called upon, even though it was a renewal of a racetrack acquaintanceship. And the object of the visit was

merely to tell him how his achievement is beginning to get the recognition it deserves—that he is becoming the man of the moment among racing fans.

Not since Newman and Redford has a sting seemed to so amuse the race-wise. A sampling of opinion at Garden State Park in New Jersey last week found parimutuel plungers who knew of Zeek ready to award him an Oscar. It was "local boy makes good," Zeek's home base once having been nearby Cherry Hill.

"Jail, hell! They ought to put him in the Hall of Fame at Saratoga," one bettor declared. "Anybody that can beat three tracks and a bank, I'm for 'em."

Penn National and Liberty Bell in Pennsylvania and Laurel in Maryland are the tracks Zeek beat. By the time Zeek was finished cashing bad checks at the three tracks between Dec. 14 and Dec. 30, 1973, Penn National was out \$407,600, Liberty Bell \$616,200 and Laurel \$74,300. The other victim, probably the ultimate victim, is the Bank of West Jersey, Delran, N.J. The bank is very angry at the racetracks. The racetracks are very angry at the bank. And down in Grenada, secure in the second-floor office of the yacht yard, protected from inopportune questions by strong-looking men and a phalanx of secretaries, sits Eugene Zeek, who is not talking to anybody. But how in the name of greed, cupidity, stupidity and liquidity could it have hap-

pened? Sit down, friend, fill your glass, and we will begin at the beginning. Here is how the offended parties and the FBI—Wanted: Eugene Zeek; Armed and Dangerous—reconstruct it.

Eugene Zeek was not a likely candidate for a Caribbean caper, a big (6' 2", 250 pounds), friendly man who trained 30 to 40 horses on the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Maryland circuit. "The only thing that ever made me wonder about him was the way he seemed to have a pistol with him all the time," says a fellow trainer. "And he lived good, even had a private plane. We just thought he needed it to get around to the two or three tracks where he was running horses."

How good was Zeek living? His gross income grew to more than \$200,000 a year. He was the leading trainer at Penn National in 1973, with 118 winners. He had a jockey who was very successful on the three-state circuit, Karl Korte. He had the plane.

*continued*

*Genial Eugene Zeek was a fixture of Penn National, where he was the leading trainer, and a frequent, familiar sight in Liberty Bell's winner's circle. Then his checks started bouncing in a big way at the little branch of the Bank of West Jersey, and he departed the U.S. for new vistas, for the gentle surf and sunny beaches of Grenada in the Caribbean.*





And he had a habit of cashing large checks at racetracks. Every day. When thoroughbred racing began at Liberty Bell in 1969, Zeek was there. During the summer meeting of 1970 he cashed \$180,000 worth of personal checks. This evidently aroused no concern. Trainers sometimes need large sums of money quickly to claim or privately buy horses.

Along came Penn National. When that track began operating near Harrisburg in 1972 it quickly found itself in a struggle to survive. The directors lacked experience in racetrack management. The mutual handle was low. When Zeek came in with a big string of horses and a big bankroll and a story that he represented a gambling syndicate, the Penn National people were impressed. By late 1972 Zeek was cashing three personal checks a day at the track—every day. During 1973 the numbers on his checks steadily increased, but the pattern was the same, indeed it was a ritual: three big checks every day.

On May 9, 1973, for example, the checks were for \$10,300, \$9,900 and \$7,600, a total of \$27,800. By June 9 they were \$10,200, \$9,800 and \$10,800, a total of \$30,800. By August the daily total was up to \$39,000, in September more than \$40,000, in October \$42,000, in November a shade higher. Not, apparently, was Zeek less attentive to his money management at Liberty Bell.

In the spring of 1973 Zeek moved his bank account from the First National Bank in Shoemakersville, Pa. to a branch of the Bank of West Jersey situated in Mount Laurel, N.J. The manager of that branch was Frank F. Pine III. Pine not only handled Zeek's account but also on occasion went to the races with him. When Pine became manager of the West Jersey branch at Riverside, Zeek's account moved along with him. Pine has testified in a current civil court action—*Pennsylvania National Turf Club, Inc. v. Bank of West Jersey*—that he went racing with Zeek 10 or 15 times and that he gave Zeek money to bet for him. On Zeek's choices. Zeek was a good chooser. At the end of the day, said Pine, he would get his winnings from Zeek. Now, along with his superior credit rating at two tracks, Zeek presumably had a bank that regarded him well.

Not everyone, however, had such confidence in Zeek. Says Dick Donovan, now executive vice-president of Suffolk Downs, "When I was mutuels manager

at Penn National, I kept insisting that the money Zeek said he was getting from us, supposedly to bet with, was not coming back through the windows. He'd take out lots of our big bills when he cashed his checks each night, the fifties and the hundreds. They didn't come back. Yet his checks kept being approved for cashing. He kept convincing people he was betting that kind of money."

There are those who disagree with Donovan. They say Penn National's handle fell off sharply when Zeek was not at the track. All agree, however, that Zeek often was a successful bettor. Amazingly successful. Once he held 12 of the winning 15 tickets on a quinella. Another time he held five of the lucky seven tickets on an exacta. When all the authorities who want to ask Zeek about his checks are finished with him, a lot of others want to ask him about how he happened to be so wise about horses. Or to put it more crudely—race-fixing. But that is another matter.

It also has been suggested that Zeek, in appreciation of his check-cashing privileges, occasionally reciprocated by mentioning to track officials a hot tip or two. Whether that is true or not, Liberty Bell, Penn National and Laurel obviously considered his checks as good as cash.

By now, so did Mr. Pine. In his court testimony, Pine said that often the balance in the Zeek account would not satisfy the outstanding checks. Rather than charge the checks against the Zeek account as they were received, when the account would have been overdrawn, the bank simply held on to the checks that could not be paid, Pine said.

Zeek, or a woman identifying herself as Zeek's wife, would make frequent telephone calls to the bank to determine the status of the account. When advised of a deficit, Zeek would rush in a deposit—in cash. Nothing at all to worry about, Zeek presumably would explain. He was a busy man, and such oversights can happen. Pine acknowledged in court that no sooner were deficits covered than new deficits appeared, because of Zeek's continual check cashing.

According to Pine, in May or June of 1973 Zeek told him that after the first of the year the need for cash on a daily basis would no longer exist. (How true?) In December, Zeek said so again, telling Pine he was establishing a breeding farm in Ohio.

On Dec. 12, Zeek was cashing his usu-

al three checks at Penn National (\$13,600, \$13,400, \$14,700 on that date). And cashing checks at Liberty Bell. Suddenly the phone stopped ringing at the bank. No Zeek. But day after day, more checks. Dec. 15, Dec. 16, Dec. 19. Finally alarmed by Christmas, Pine informed his superiors of what was soaring toward a million-dollar, ahem, irregularity.

On Jan. 7, 1974, the Bank of West Jersey returned to Penn National 29 checks being held for the Zeek account. The total amount they had been written for was \$407,600. Back to Liberty Bell went 26 checks totaling \$616,200. Back to Laurel went six checks totaling \$74,500. The grand total was \$1,098,300.

And on to friendly little Grenada had long since gone the man who had applied the sting. With him, says the FBI, went Jockey Korte. And Zeek's "wife." And two of Zeek's expensive Rottweiler dogs. Left behind were Zeek's real wife and three children.

Zeek's car was found abandoned. He was said to be in Venezuela, or Australia, or Argentina—or at the bottom of the Delaware River, victim of his oft-mentioned gambling syndicate.

Two years pass. It is now January 1976 and the FBI reports it has found Eugene Zeek in Grenada. And Korte, too, the pair identified as those two glamorous and well-connected brothers in St. George's, John and Paul Clancy. Shortly afterward Zeek got in touch with an attorney in the U.S. He wanted to know if he might be able to come back to the U.S. if the money was returned. Eugene Zeek sounded homesick. So the time seemed right last week to pay him a visit. Perhaps he'd like to have a chat? No, said Zeek, he decidedly would not.

Ah, Grenada? Langley Yachts, its ad in *The Official Guide to Grenada* proclaims, is "your new agent in the Caribbean . . . with a charter roster hard to match, at the foot of the Grenadines, right smack in the path of the trades, 12 degrees north of the Equator. The sailing is unmatched or you wouldn't find champions like *Sorcery*, *Stormvogel*, *La Forza Del Destino*; and the big romantics like *Peter Storm* and *Romance* sailing in and out of Grenada."

Eugene Zeek sailed in on a romance not in the fine old yachting tradition, but in perhaps an even older one. When, and how, he sails out again remains to be seen. **END**

# Twelve Year Effort Ends With Unprecedented Flavor In Low Tar Smoke.

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**New 'Enriched Flavor' discovery for 9 mg. tar MERIT achieves taste of cigarettes having 60% more tar.**

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The greatest challenge to cigarette-makers in recent years has been how to make a low tar cigarette with good taste.

Many have tried.

Philip Morris just succeeded.

It took twelve long years

The cigarette is called MERIT. It delivers only 9 mg. of tar. One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today.

Yet MERIT delivers astonishing flavor.

If you smoke you'll be interested.

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By isolating certain "key" flavor ingredients of tobacco in cigarette smoke, ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar, researchers at Philip Morris have developed a way to pack extra

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The discovery is called 'Enriched Flavor.' It's extra flavor. Natural flavor. Flavor that can't burn out, can't fade out, can't do anything but come through for you.

We packed MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor' and began a series of taste-tests.

## Taste-Tested By People Like You

Thousands of filter cigarette smokers tested 9 mg. tar MERIT against five current leading low tar brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.\*

The results were conclusive:

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste. Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much—or more—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now you've got the cigarette.

MERIT. Incredible smoking pleasure at only 9 mg. tar.

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9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# SHOOT IF YOU MUST... I MUST,

Gunning them in from here, there and everywhere, Buffalo's peerless center leads the NBA in scoring

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

**O**ne of these crazy nights after Buffalo Bob—Hey, kids, what time is it? It's *In Your Face* time—McAdoo has scored 92 points, taken down 77 rebounds, blocked 54 shots, handed off 38 assists, made 22 steals, shoveled every snowbank and eaten every beef on kimmelweck in western New York, we may finally believe him when he says, "It be hard *not* to get buckets in this league. If I be don' any less, people think I be doggin' it."

McAdoo speaks in earnest. If he is anything else besides the quickest tall man, the finest shooter and the most astounding outside scoring machine ever to play basketball, he is sincere, thrifty, brave and honest. Concentration, self-control and, above all, confidence have gotten him where he is. The Buffalo Braves' coach, Dr. Jack Ramsay, the only Ph.D. in the National Basketball Association and not a man to offer an opinion lightly, says that by the time Bob McAdoo is through he will be the greatest player in history.

McAdoo goes Ramsay one better. "That would be a nice goal," he says, "but it doesn't matter what any coaches or writers or any damn-body else thinks except me." Pause. "I think I'm the greatest already."

McAdoo says this quietly in the privacy of his own home. But it is indicative of his nature—and confidence—that he wants it known that he did say it. Two years ago when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar won the Most Valuable Player award, McAdoo came out publicly for himself. He said the NBA players who voted against him had made a mistake.



# SAYS McADOO



He himself refused to be caught in the same error. When Eddie Donovan, the Buffalo general manager at the time, reminded McAdoo he could not vote for himself, he replied, "Well, then, I guess I can't vote."

Last year, after he won the award, McAdoo said nothing, his silence presumably denoting approval.

Before this season, his fourth in the NBA, the 6'10", 215-pound McAdoo had won a Rookie of the Year award, two scoring championships with averages of 30.6 and 34.5, two CBS-TV Player of the Year awards and one shooting title—in 1973-74, while firing mostly from the vicinity of Buffalo's Peace Bridge, McAdoo had a field-goal percentage of 54.7. At once marvelously cool and enormously intent, he also has set records for nonmalingering and nonbiting at the referees.

The devastation McAdoo has wreaked on the court is etched in memory. Near the close of his second year in the pros, McAdoo whirled here, there and everywhere to score 52 points and cause grave embarrassment to a proud defensive congregation of soon-to-be-champion Boston Celtics. In the fourth game of Buffalo's playoff series with the Celtics that year, he scored 44, bringing the Braves from 10 points behind to victory with, among other things, three straight baskets from the deep corners, even though Dave Cowens, the best defensive player in the sport, was draped all over him.

Last April in Buffalo's chilling seven-

game series against the Washington Bullets, McAdoo averaged 37 points and 13 rebounds with highs of 50 and 21 in one game. At the end of the season he had led his team to the third-best record in the NBA and had finished first in scoring, fourth in rebounding, fifth in shooting, sixth in blocked shots and way ahead of everybody in minutes played. Moreover, he had, as they say, "turned the franchise around."

By last week, with the Braves making another desperate run for first place in basketball's toughest division, McAdoo had, in his career, scored more than 50 points in four games, in the 40s in 41 games and in the 30s in 107 games. As they also say, McAdoo can do.

Were it not for the presence of McAdoo's teammates, the explosive guard, Randy Smith, and the smooth cornerman, Jim McMillian, who get their share of points, McAdoo already might have broken all of Wilt Chamberlain's scoring records as well as stolen all the rental cars from his suburban neighbor, O. J. Simpson.

Pro basketball having joined society's trend by embracing specialism, every player who comes out of college is immediately given a label and asked to meet its requirements. One man is a "strong" or "power" forward. Another is a "shooting" guard. The ideal is to have a "dominating" center. Then there is the "new breed."

Of McAdoo's adversaries, among whom only Abdul-Jabbar, Cowens, and Rick Barry, plus the ABA's Julius Erving and the new boy, David Thompson, can even be mentioned in the same breath in respect to the versatility of their talent, all play stereotyped roles except Thompson.

Barry and Erving are strong forwards, Abdul-Jabbar a dominant center, Thompson a combination guard-forward, a flying minstrel show. Even Cowens, who is considered the exemplar of the "new breed"—a center who is quick, active, mobile on defense, runs up and down all night, shoots outside, posts, screens, hands off and receives—is still

*continued*

*Up, up, and a soft jumper is aimed toward the basket over Seattle's Tom Burlison, who at 7'2" still can't handle 6'10" Buffalo Bob.*

only a center, albeit a magnificent one. The Celtics are most effective with him in the middle down low.

The point here is that there were others in the Kareem mold (Chamberlain, Bill Russell) and there are imitation Cowenses too—witness Denver's Dan Issel and Phoenix's Alvan Adams. But there hasn't been another Bob McAdoo. In competition, McAdoo does the same thing to Cowens that Cowens does to Abdul-Jabbar. That is, play hide-and-seek. In the Boston leftshander's own words, "He kind of takes me away and makes me a forward." Celtic Charlie Scott calls McAdoo "a cheating forward." Yet nearly half of McAdoo's stunning, gracefully oblique jump shots come from areas normally inhabited by guards.

"I used to think he took bad shots, but I've changed my mind," says Abdul-Jabbar. "Nobody takes it from where McAdoo does and hits."

This is hardly to say that Buffalo Bob will not drive inside or cut to the corner or wheel in the lane or go high on the board in pursuit of his beloved "bucks." As Detroit's former Coach Ray Scott says, "McAdoo is not your basic area shooter."

No, indeed. McAdoo came into the league shooting from everywhere, and he will go out the same way. In the meantime, his exhilarating style has obliged Ramsay to trade and draft and build an entire team around him that can not only put up with McAdoo's shots and shot making but also learn to like it.

One former Brave related that at Buffalo it was no fun sitting on the bench and less fun playing—because he never got the ball either place. But the fans always have fun; the Braves and the Golden State Runaways are easily the two most colorful and watchable outfits in the NBA.

Moreover, it may be that the barbs about McAdoo's shooting and passing have outlived their validity. Recent statistics suggest such a possibility. In one five-game stretch this season McAdoo had 30 assists, including two games in which he dealt off a career high of nine. Still, his hunger for the hoop never abates. In a 45-point, 21-rebound job at Phoenix, one of McAdoo's baskets came directly following an in-bounds play in which he actually pushed teammate Tom McMillen out of the way to get a pass intended for the rookie.

Nor has McAdoo's new-found role as

playmaker dissuaded him from continuing to pump away from all angles and distances. Even after 3½ years, defenders still look surprised when he confidently throws one up from downtown.

"With this guy, you have to watch him from 28 feet and in," says Laker Coach Bill Sharman. "He's got the quickest release since Jerry West." Says Boston's John Havlicek, "The best pure shooter I've ever seen."

And he always seems to be open. To the casual observer, it would seem McAdoo simply drifts outside whenever he desires freedom. It is not that easy. Now more and more teams are using forwards instead of centers to check him, and they are following him all the way out to the hinterlands. So McAdoo is using his quickness to get to a spot first and, more important, to then get off that spot.

Buffalo Assistant Coach Tates Locke says McAdoo has "three stages of open. A man will watch him getting open, he'll watch him be open and he'll still be

watching him after Mac's open and scored the basket. That's how quick he is."

Locke was probably the first coach to fall victim to McAdoo's unleashed talents. In 1972, while a junior at North Carolina, McAdoo was just another good player on a talented team that eventually would wind up in the NCAA final four. The Tar Heels visited Clemson, where Locke was head man. Clemson took a lead and then North Carolina Coach Dean Smith was banished on technical fouls. When Smith left, so did discipline. In the second half, with constraint gone and no holds barred, McAdoo put on a magic show and North Carolina won by 20 points. "Bobby Mac blew us out," Locke says.

In McAdoo's rookie year at Buffalo, Ramsay kept the youngster at forward and somewhat under wraps throughout most of the season. At the time, the Braves had Elmore Smith and Bob Kauffman to handle the pivot, but



The biggest Mac and the tiniest Mac, daughter Rita, go one-on-one in the living room.

McAdoo kept asking to play there. Finally, Ramsey gave in, putting McAdoo at center for the last three games of the season. He responded with 39, 39 and 45 points.

"If anybody says he saw the guy in college and thought he'd be as good as he is," says Donovan, "he's lying." But after that rookie finale, the whole NBA must have had an inkling that Bobby Mac was preparing to blow them all out.

Back in Greensboro, N.C., little Bobby McAdoo started shooting the basketball when he was barely four years old, and thereafter his grandmother could not get him inside for breakfast. In the first grade at David Jones Elementary School (where his mother Vandalia still teaches) Bobby Mac towered over all the kids. By the time he reached high school age, Greensboro was in the early stages of racial busing. Though McAdoo was fearful of integration, he and his friends chose Smith High over all-black Dudley because they felt it would be easier to make the basketball team.

McAdoo blew a mean saxophone for three years in the Smith marching band as well as in a local rhythm and blues group called Long John and the Buccaneers. He watched a lot of basketball in the CIAA (the conference of Southern predominately black schools), much admiring Soupy Adams at North Carolina A&T and, of course, Earl the Pearl Monroe at Winston-Salem State. And his father, who worked at A&T as a custodian, brought home the school yearbooks containing pictures of the Aggies' backcourt great, Al Attles. "Al was the dude," says McAdoo. But until Charlie Scott enrolled at North Carolina in 1966, the nearby Atlantic Coast Conference held little interest for McAdoo.

As a senior McAdoo led the Smith basketball team to the semifinals of the state tournament and he won the state prep high jump, setting a record of 6'7 3/4" while beating out a future basketball teammate, Bobby Jones. By now, McAdoo had his heart set on attending an ACC school. Since his college boards were not high enough, he went to Vincennes Junior College in Indiana—experiencing for the first time his personal terror of airplane flights. At Vincennes, he helped what is considered one of the best junior-college teams ever to win the national championship. McAdoo scored 27 points in the title game.

The next season the Vincennes freshmen beat the sophomores in a practice game, after which McAdoo did not speak to his new freshman roommate, Clarence (Foots) Walker, for a week. Through that season, McAdoo spent hours working on his agility by going one-on-one with the 6'11" Walker. He learned how to dribble the ball, handle it, reverse it, move, fake, drive, juke. And he learned it all very quickly.

The following year, leaving Walker (who later led West Georgia to the NAIA championship and eventually joined the Cleveland Cavaliers), McAdoo returned to the red Carolina clay. During the ensuing recruiting rush, Vandalia McAdoo remembers looking out one day at the black and white kids playing basketball in the yard. "We had been having some racial problems—my window was even shot out," she says. "But here were both races playing together and people kept driving slow by the house, turning around down by the church and driving by slow again. They had to be wondering what was going on. Well, Bobby was bringing people together."

"I was very impressed with my son," Mrs. McAdoo adds. "He wrote a term paper at Vincennes about boys trying to influence him with dope and the bad smells he found. He didn't like it. One day I opened his suitcase and found a New Testament. He said, 'Momma, put it back in the pocket.'"

The McAdoo parents—Robert Sr. is retired now—wanted very much to see their son play in college. "There was one thing I liked about Carolina," Mrs. McAdoo says. "When my son was little I wanted him to have matching shirts, socks, everything neat as a pin. Then he went off and changed, and I got disgusted with his clothes. When he got to North Carolina he told his daddy, 'I got to have clip-on ties because I don't know how to tie a real one. Show me.' Well, we went to the games, and you talk about proud. Out he came, all dressed up like he was when he was a little boy. I knew then he was back home."

McAdoo had distinguished himself in the 1971 Pan-American Games but when he got to Chapel Hill he was still a question mark. "They had a veteran team and people kept asking me where was I going to fit in," McAdoo says. "I said, 'Hey, you know who you're talking to? I be out there.'"

And so he was. After an early-season

embarrassment at Princeton, the newcomers McAdoo and Jones (now a star with the Denver Nuggets) helped the Tar Heels to a 29-5 season that concluded at the nationals in Los Angeles. The big news there was UCLA's Bill Walton and his quest to continue the Bruin victory streak. But McAdoo never got to face Walton. Despite his 24-point, 15-rebound effort, North Carolina lost to Florida State in the semifinals.

On the way to his senior year, a funny thing happened to McAdoo. It was rumored that he had signed with the ABA Virginia Squires during his junior year, though no contract was produced—then or ever—and McAdoo denies he made any such deal. Nevertheless, NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy was concerned enough that he advised his clubs not to touch McAdoo when the NBA made him eligible for the draft by granting him hardship status in April. Buffalo considered the commissioner's advice, ignored it, drafted McAdoo and, to its subsequent joy, ended up with him.

It is either a mark of his wit or an example of his honesty—or a combination of both—that when McAdoo is questioned as to why he went hardship, he says, "I got tired of walking. It's a big campus." Or, when given the opportunity to tell how much he wanted the money to help out his family, he says, "Mostly I wanted the dough for me." Or, when asked if he will ever go back to earn his college degree so he can collect a \$50,000 incentive bonus in his contract, he replies, "Sure—when the NBA goes out of business." Or, when asked why he chose a difficult time in the middle of his rookie season to marry his college sweetheart, Brenda Newsome, he says, "Too much snow in Buffalo. It's lonely in snow."

Whatever the case, McAdoo settled into the Buffalo suburb of Williamsville with a new Mercedes, elaborate stereo equipment, a pair of Afghan hounds and two habits that have since resulted in Buffalo team rules. McAdoo wears a woolen ski cap pulled down low over his head to keep his ears warm, and he plays music on a portable tape cassette machine. The team rules are these: Don't Wear The Hat At Meals and Don't Play The Box Too Loud. McAdoo's rookie year was primarily productive in the area of eating and listening. Considered too frail and unprepared for the pivot, he did not get into the starting lineup until

continued

midseason and he burned with frustration. "I mean if this was New York or L.A. or some team like that, O.K.," he says now. "But here I was *striving* at Buffalo, we were on the way to losing 61 games and we didn't have any players. My wife could have outrun those people."

Pushed into the "small forward" position, where he had to guard the Havliceks, McMillian and Bill Bradley, McAdoo was run through picks, dragged around screens and caught in switches. Bradley once scored a career-high 38 points against him. At the same time McAdoo was forced to move without the ball more and to put it on the floor, especially with his left hand. All this he found difficult, but it was the best thing that could have happened to him.

"Back then he was easy to check," says the erstwhile Laker, McMillian. "On offense, Mac couldn't get his shot so I pressured him and he was lost. His defense was poor. I remember once he had four fouls, but he was so easy I really wanted him to stay in the game. I had so many options to score against him I couldn't make a choice."

But Bobby Mac got better. Fast. To enhance McAdoo's second season, Buffalo traded for McMillian and Garfield Heard, and drafted Ken Charles and an exquisite passer, Ernie D'Gregorio.

Ernie D (for "Dond") played like the Rookie of the Year. Randy Smith, probably the best athlete in the NBA, came into his own. McAdoo—after an injury to Kauffman—moved into the middle. Everybody shot the lights out and the former joke team won 91 games in the next two seasons. The neatest thing about this success was that it was achieved by a crew of scramblers who reacted to the ball as if it were a live grenade and made no discernible attempt to play defense. NBA purists were—and still are—horrified.

"Well, who are these supposedly superduper defensive people in the league, anyway?" McAdoo says in his own defense. "If I can get 35 and 40 on these guys any time I want, how good can they be?"

He is correct. Too much ado is made about McAdoo's poor D. The truth is that nobody really stops anybody else in the NBA. "All great scorers get nailed for playing bad defense," says Smith. "Does Rick Barry play D? Does Nate Archibald? What does Kareem 'hold' Mac to? [34.3 points a game, it turns out]

Mac clogs the middle, checks off, rebounds, blocks shots. What else do they want?"

One key to McAdoo's success is his concentration. Watching his face as he rises for a jumper is to see a man possessed by his art. His theory on shooting is interesting. He concentrates on the two sides of the rim that frame his target, not the center of the basket. "I just want to be on line," says McAdoo. "I don't worry about being long or short with the shot. My touch is soft enough to get a lot of rim action front and back so I concentrate on the sides."

Phoenix' Dennis Awrey recalls one game in which he knocked the ball out of McAdoo's hands three straight times from 18 feet out. Each time McAdoo just picked it back up and shot it in. "His shot is just about like radar," says the Suns' Curtis Perry.

In a league in which even the lowliest plebeian seems to own half a dozen full-length fur coats, it is refreshing to note that Bob McAdoo does not possess so much as a fur glove. He is happy to traipse around America's airports in his ski cap, his Earth Shoes and—are you ready?—his white socks. "Clean from head to socks," Randy Smith says.

Moreover, according to unimpeachable sources, McAdoo's exploitation of his scoring average is exceeded only by his penurious tendencies. After one \$45 dinner with a couple of teammates, McAdoo felt secure leaving a dollar tip. It is his practice to travel the long way to the other side of Buffalo in order to avoid the shortcut on the New York State Thruway and its accompanying 20¢ toll.

Predictably, when he was assessed the first technical foul of his pro career after a January tussle with Seattle's Tom Burleson, McAdoo displayed his rarely seen temper. While his teammates feared that their bellwether might be injured in the furor—Bob Weiss kept saying, "His hands, check his hands; that's our ticket to the playoffs"—all McAdoo could think of was the dent in his pocketbook. "No way I'm getting a tech," he raged at the bench. "No way I'm payin' that \$75 fine."

Last season McAdoo sent the Braves into a dither when he swallowed shampoo while showering at home and had to be rushed to the hospital. "Like to die," he said. On other occasions he has caused concern simply by being, as

Heard says, "the worst packer in pro ball." Specifically, McAdoo keeps forgetting to put his basketball shoes in his suitcase.

Just as the rain cloud perpetually hangs over Joe Betsplk in the comics, McAdoo has been shadowed for a long time by the opinion that he is not a "force" in the game, as Abdul-Jabbar is a "force," or Cowens or even Erving. He has the feeling that he has been underrated, overlooked, forgotten.

McAdoo was genuinely hurt when an alltime ACC team was announced recently and he was not on it—even though he played at North Carolina for only one year. He says one reason he did not return to college for his senior season was his disappointment about being passed over for ACC Player of the Year in 1972 in favor of Virginia's Barry Parkhill. He suggests he was not appreciated enough in high school or junior college, either.

Last year he refused to return to Smith High in Greensboro for a ceremony to retire his jersey, because he felt the honor should have been accorded sooner. "I was the best player they ever had or ever will have," he says. "What had they wait so long for? I don't dig that at all."

To be fair, one hopes this is not so much a childish chip-on-the-shoulder attitude as it is a strong belief in himself as the very best, and a flaming desire to be recognized as such. Recently teammate Charles was relating a story about the time Abdul-Jabbar came into Buffalo seething over the comparisons being made between McAdoo and himself. "Whew," said Charles, loud enough for McAdoo to hear. "The first time down the floor, the big fellow stuffs backward, then he really starts doin' it. He goes for about 36, and before he's through the Braves are scattered out in the street."

"Whoa," said McAdoo, stung to the quick. "I go for 37 and 15 pounds."

"Yeah, Mac," Charles grinned. "But the big guy, he stuffs whenever he wants to."

"Not over me, he don't," McAdoo said, very serious. "No man alive stuffs over me unless he wants his arm broken."

Having gotten his teammate's goat, Charles was laughing now. But McAdoo closed with a flourish. "Kareem, he's had some big games," he said. "But he ain't had no bigger ones than me."

That is an opinion with which Dr. Ramsay, among others, readily concurs. "The thing to remember about Mac,"



Ramsay says, "is that he is going to get much, much better. In every aspect of his game. Just this year he has improved so much in his passing and defense, it's scary. He works hard. He takes care of his body so he'll be around for a long time. He goes almost 48 minutes a night, always learning. Mostly, he wants to be the best who ever lived. He wants that very badly."

McAdoo's vision of himself as a superstar encompasses more than physical supremacy. Though he denies caring what other people think, it is obvious that he does worry about his image—or, maybe, lack of it—in the uncompromising way he plays the game, and lives. On and off the court he is generally expressionless, hesitant to argue or complain. He avoids public controversy, and disciplines himself privately; he avoids drinking, smoking and late hours. Locke describes McAdoo as "the kind of guy you love to see get on the bus. He comes to play every night." Charles says it is as if McAdoo has "a mission. Mac has this idea of what a superstar should be, and how one should act, and he wants to set an example."

Which is probably why it came as such a shock earlier this season when Buffalo Owner Paul Snyder suspended McAdoo over the matter of a back injury. McAdoo had claimed his back was too sore for him to play in a game against Boston. When the Braves' doctor found no signs of injury and the team asked McAdoo to see a second doctor, the center felt his integrity was at issue and he refused. So Snyder suspended him. Though the penalty lasted only one game, scars remain.

The bizarre episode occurred on Christmas Eve. McAdoo's wife had recently given birth to their second child, and his father was recovering in Buffalo from an operation and McAdoo was considering renegotiating his contract. These circumstances, plus the fact that the volatile Snyder (or The Cookie Monster, as the majority Nabisco stockholder is sometimes known) could even imply that McAdoo, a man who works as hard in practice as in games, who plays more minutes and shoulders a bigger burden than anybody in the NBA, was a loafer, made the suspension a landmark in the history of dubious decisions.

Indeed, here was another occasion when McAdoo was forced to wonder how appreciated he really is. Question:

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Kodak XL movie cameras.



McAdoo *continued*

Has there ever been a performer of this magnitude making \$1,600 a game less than a tiny buckcourt man on his own team who's played second-string most of the season?

In such down times McAdoo thinks about going back to North Carolina. Unlike most pros, he has not lost touch with his home state, his school or the people there. Racial matters aside, he is an indefatigable booster of Dixie and Southern ways. (At North Carolina, McAdoo wore a blue-and-white V-neck uniform. Buffalo Trainer Ray Melchiorre says it is only coincidence that in McAdoo's second season the Braves changed uniform colors from black and orange to blue and white and that this year they switched to V-necks.)

During the season McAdoo is on the phone to the North Carolina coaches and players, exchanging strategy and gossip, sending shoes and leaving tickets. In the summer he goes back to his parents' home in Greensboro near a huge plot of land where he plans to build his own home. He keeps in shape by scrimmaging with the players at Chapel Hill almost daily.

"You know, along about 40 games into the season, all I'm thinking about is getting back home," McAdoo says. "I really do love North Carolina. You think the NBA would put a franchise back there? We could get me and Bobby Jones and David Thompson and Billy Cunningham and some more of the boys." McAdoo suddenly remembers that Randy Smith and Jim McMillian are North Carolina-born, too. "They might make it," he says, laughing. "We could have some team."

After a pause, he says, "I always had trouble being patient. My father still talks to me about that. My patience. My impatience. But it gets hard. Up here the kids be out in the streets playing hockey. The French Connection be big deal. But nobody knows basketball. Nobody cares. O.J. was lost up here. Look what it took him, 2,000 yards, to be recognized. What do I need?"

"I got more press for swallowing the shampoo than I got for my 50-pointers. I'm taken for granted, that's all. You think there's anybody better than me? Ain't nobody better. You think they know that? Ain't nobody know that."

He's down again. Sometimes ain't nobody better than Bob McAdoo. Sometimes ain't nobody more wrong. **END**

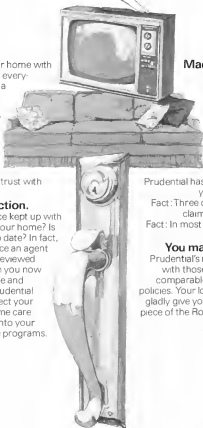
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# LIKE FATHER, PRETTY MUCH LIKE SON

Peter Haughton follows in the sulky tracks of his dad, a harness-racing legend named Billy. But sometimes he does take the lead, and the two have been known to tangle in the stretch **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

One day this winter Billy Haughton and his son Peter were having a bite of lunch at a restaurant near southern Florida's Pompano Park. As they got up to leave, the elder Haughton noticed that the waitress, a fetching creature, was giving his bachelor son a big smile. Outside, he told his son conspiratorially, "If you don't make a move toward that, you're crazy."

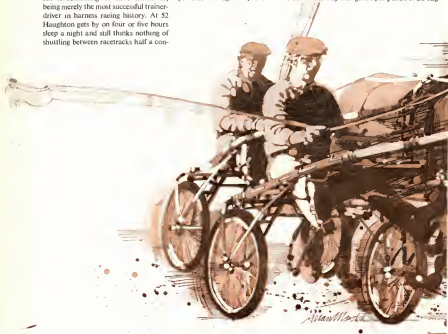
Billy Haughton obviously has high expectations for his boy, but then Billy himself is something of an overachiever, being merely the most successful trainer-driver in harness racing history. At 52 Haughton gets by on four or five hours sleep a night and still thinks nothing of shuttling between racetracks half a con-

tinent apart the way other people go to the corner grocery. During the last quarter century he has hustled his horses into the winner's circle, his name into the record books and his sculptured likeness into the Hall of Fame of the Trotter in Goshen, N.Y. At the end of last year his lifetime earnings were \$22.1 million.

At 21 Peter Haughton does so well off the track that the bulls around Pompano say his stable consists of blondes, red-heads and brunettes. But in the past two years he has begun to prove himself as a

solid racing driver as well. So there are two Haughtons in the business now. Not long ago, for example, Billy asked Peter to drop whatever he was doing and go to Windsor Raceway in Ontario and drive the splendid pacing mare Handle With Care in a \$24,000 race. The elder Haughton originally had been scheduled to go, but at the last moment decided to send Peter, instead.

It was the sort of whirlwind mission that Haughton *père* is famous for, and the way Haughton *filis* pulled it off sug-



gests that bloodlines apply to people as well as horses. Peter flew up from Pompano in the morning, drove Handle With Care to a half-length victory in the afternoon and caught a return flight home that evening. Back at work on the track next morning, he shrugged and said, "My father sure gives you a lot of notice, right?"

Noe is that Peter's only such triumph. Indeed, young Haughton has contributed so much that practically overnight the pair has become harness racing's top father-and-son team. The sport abounds in

family pairings—brother combinations, stepfathers and stepsons and, in the case of Neva and Joyce Burright, who used to campaign on the Midwest county-fair circuit, even a mother-and-daughter team. There are Inskos galore, Filsons aplenty and so many Dancers—seven at last count—that until he retired four years ago Charles Dancer, Stanley's brother, seemed a family outcast; instead of a sulky he drove a city bus in Trenton, N.J.

But in typical Haughton fashion, Billy and Peter have developed into some-

thing above and beyond the rest. Traditionalists used to insist that no trainer could successfully handle more than a couple of dozen horses. Yet the Haughtons operate the world's biggest racing stable, with nearly 200 trotters and pacers in training. The payroll for 10 assistant trainers, 90-odd grooms and a small army of accountants and secretaries is \$15,000 a week. And Billy Haughton refuses even to consider the possibility of slowing down. "You can't have too many good young horses," he says. "You never know which of them is going to come through."

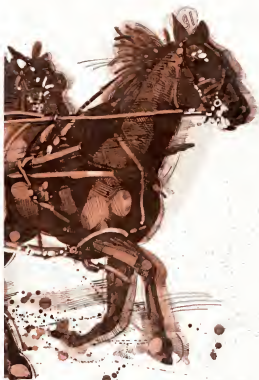
Peter Haughton is the second eldest of Billy and Dotie Haughton's five children. He was named after Peter Campbell, a trotter his parents once owned. ("I'd rather be named for a horse than a lot of people I know," Peter says.) As a youngster he shunned the company of other children in order to listen to his father and other horsemen talking shop. "I didn't have what you'd call a normal childhood," he says. "I was interested only in horses."

Peter was just 16 when he first donned his father's green-and-white racing silks and only 19 when he stunned nearly everybody by winning his first \$100,000 race. "I've never seen a kid as good with a horse as Peter," Billy Haughton says. "I'd say it even if he weren't my boy." Then he hastily adds, "But he's got a lot to learn."

Peter agrees with the last. Slightly built, like his dad, but with blond hair instead of Billy's gunmetal gray, he is a serious, articulate young man who downplays his triumphs in the sulky. Instead he talks of becoming "an all-around horseman," a phrase he utters with great solemnity. "To be a good driver, you need good horses," he says. "To have good horses, you've got to be a good trainer. My goal is to be a good trainer and driver."

He has been pursuing that objective most recently at Pompano, a small gem of a track that is something of a winter capital for harness racing. Beneath its towering palms many leading trainers prepare their young trotters and pacers for the Grand Circuit, the touring series of prestige races primarily for 2- and 3-year-olds that gets into full swing in mid-June in places like Detroit, Lexington, Ky. and Saratoga, N.Y. Pompano is

continued



analogous to baseball's spring training camps: you get the athletes into shape in the South, then send them North for the regular season.

A typical Haughton day at Pompano begins at 6:45 a.m. with father and son out on the training track, rumbling through the lifting darkness behind jogging carts. It is likely to end 18 hours later with either or both of them driving in the night's pari-mutuel races, relaxing afterward in a clubhouse decorated with prints by that other noted one-two combination, Currier and Ives. In between the Haughtons might play tennis or take their 31-foot Bertram for a spin on the Intracoastal Waterway.

The relationship between the two is close and, for the most part, comfortable. "We're like brothers, really," Billy says. Indeed, the self-assured son seems to act as his father's alter ego—within limits. Talking one day to the owner of a 2-year-old pacer plagued by skittishness, Peter suggested rigging the animal with a head pole, a piece of equipment that is supposed to keep the horse's head from bobbing.

"But your father said no head pole," the owner objected.

"That's O.K.," said Peter. "I'd like to try it." With equal aplomb Peter announced the next day, "I've decided my father was right. I'm forgetting the head pole."

With his son, as with his other assistant trainers, the elder Haughton is an indulgent boss. "When you have this many horses, people have to be free to try their own ideas," Billy says. "Just as long as they don't do anything detrimental. The business is pretty much trial and error, anyway."

Judging by Haughton's own career, the business must involve something more than that. As a driver he was the No. 1 money-winner a dozen times in the '50s and '60s, including one stretch of eight straight years. As a trainer he came up in 1967 with Rum Customer, the first U.S.-bred pacer to win \$1 million. He has had other champions, such as Laverne Hanover and Spartan Hanover, and he remains far ahead of everybody in lifetime driving winnings.

Today Haughton concentrates on the younger, costlier horses that vie on the Grand Circuit. He drives in fewer races than many of his peers. He enters mostly feature races, but at as many as seven tracks in a single week. Nor can he drive every good horse he enters, since he has the personally ostentatious habit of routinely entering three or four horses in prestige events like the Little Brown Jug. His system of mixing quality and quantity is audacious and enormously challenging.

As he keeps up with his far-flung stable, Haughton is sometimes frantic, sometimes serene. "I've got so much on my mind that I'm always forgetting things," he admits, yet he is able to dispense with most problems with a cheerful gap-toothed grin. Confronted by owners who think they know everything about horses—usually those who have just bought their first yearling—he lets them go right on thinking so. "They're paying the bills," he says, a philosophy that amazes a trainer-driver like Stanley Dancer, who has thrown such types out of his barn, only to have them find happiness with Haughton.

"I like to think we've got the same sort of horsemanship," says Dancer, whose \$17.9 million in lifetime driving winnings puts him second to Haughton. "What makes Billy special, though, is that per-

sonality of his. He's just as patient with people as he is with horses. I don't know how he does it, but he takes things in stride."

In keeping with his low-keyed manner, Haughton carefully avoided pressuring his children to go into the horse business. "I wouldn't discourage 'em, but I wouldn't push 'em, either," he says. At the family's 22-room house on Long Island the activities are as diverse as those in any well-off suburban New York household. Billy Jr., 23, the eldest son, is a budding insurance salesman and a weekend golfer. Tommy, 19, a high school quarterback, is weighing scholarship offers from North Carolina and Villanova. Cammie, 16, is absorbed by his trail bike. And Holley, 15, is a partygoer and nonstop telephone talker.

Somehow the horses became Peter's. He had his first experience in the sulky during summer vacations from Oyster Bay High and from his father's alma mater, Cobleskill College near Albany, N.Y. In 1971, the first summer Peter drove seriously, he went onto the Pennsylvania county-fair circuit with four horses. Two belonged to the Haughtons, two to close friends, so that, as Billy says, "We wouldn't be pushing him onto any owners." Peter won \$11,000 that season, \$12,000 in 1972 and \$83,000 in 1973.

Peter was still driving mostly in lesser races when, in August 1974, the \$150,000 Prix d'Été rolled around at Blue Bonnets in Montreal. Billy Haughton qualified four horses and in the paddock before the race decided to drive the favorite, Handle With Care, himself. He found drivers for two of the others and asked Del Miller, another harness racing Hall of Famer, to take the fourth, Armbro Omaha. As it happens, Miller has a special relationship with Peter—"a second father," the younger Haughton says of Miller—and he balked. "Looky there," he said to Billy, pointing at Peter. "Why don't you let the boy drive?"

Billy hesitated. "Maybe I should ask the owner," he said. Finally he decided to let Peter drive. Peter patiently tucked Armbro Omaha in along the rail, then sent him into the clear at the top of the stretch to win the race. "You mean the owner didn't know I was driving?" Peter asked later in disbelief. Billy Haughton and Handle With Care finished third.

Peter won two more \$100,000 races in 1974, taking the Colonial at Liberty Bell with lightly regarded Keystone Gabriel



Peter: "You just cut me off out there."



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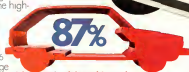
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and the American Racing Classic at Hollywood behind Keystone Smartie. And at Hollywood he drove Handle With Care to a 1:54 1/2 mile, one-fifth of a second off Albatross' alltime record. Billy Haughton was meanwhile enjoying his best year ever, winning the Adios, Little Brown Jug, Messenger and Shapiro, as well as driving Christopher T. to an upset victory in the Hambletonian, the only major race he had not captured. All told the Haughtons won eight of the 12 \$100,000 races they entered that year, a blitz that the U.S. Trotting Association commemorated in a movie *The Great Green War*, a title inspired by the Haughton stable's colors.

With father and son whipsawing rivals again in 1975, Haughton-trained horses won \$2.85 million. Billy Haughton was in the sulky himself for \$1,359,394 of that amount (Carmine Abbateello, the year's top driver, won \$2,275,093). Peter Haughton, in what amounted to his first full year, won \$630,000 to raise his career total to nearly \$1.2 million, impressive enough, considering that his father did not win any substantial amount of money until he was 25. Says Bob Hackert, editor of *The Horseman and Fair World*, "Nobody has age his ever come close to doing what Peter has these past two years."

Charges of nepotism are familiar in harness racing, but because of Peter's extraordinary success, the Haughtons have been largely spared. A woman groom in the stable refers to Peter behind his back as "Baby Haughton," but does so with affection. And there are owners who would as soon have the boss' son drive their horses as the No. 1 man himself. One of these is Irving Liverman, the Montreal businessman who owns Handle With Care. "Peter's got more daring as a driver than Billy," Liverman says. "If there's an opening on the track, he goes for it."

What Peter Haughton may still have to learn is the sort of self-control his father is celebrated for. In the paddock at upstate New York's Vernon Downs last summer, after a race in which both lost, bystanders were startled to hear Peter angrily accuse his father of costing him the race. "What the hell were you doing out there?" the son demanded. "You cut me off." He stormed away, leaving Billy speechless.

It was an incident father and son later would speak of in similar terms. "I prob-

ably did get in his road a little," Billy said, "but Peter lets himself get too upset over losses." And Peter said, "People tell me I sulk over defeats, and I guess they're right. But I hate to lose."

The elder Haughton has few other complaints about his son, unless you count the time in the Pompano clubhouse that he leaned forward and confided, "You know, Peter's inclined to be a nickel's worth lazy." Since Haughton's breakneck pace would make a battalion of beavers seem slothful, this should be taken no more seriously than a lot of things people whisper to you at racetracks. "I don't have the same energy he does," Peter admits. But Peter bristles over the time his father gently scolded him for sauntering into the training track at the indecently late hour of 8 a.m.

"He's come in at eight o'clock once or twice himself," the son says, setting the record straight.

One who would like to see Billy Haughton slow down is his wife Dottie, who goodnaturedly suffers her husband's prolonged periods of racetrack hopping—but suffers them just the same. Recently the two of them were spending a rare evening at home on Long Island, relaxing in front of the fireplace. The calm was interrupted by two nuns from St. Dominic's Catholic Church, who appeared at the front door soliciting contributions to a building fund.

As Billy went off to talk to them, Dottie Haughton smiled. "The last time the sisters asked for money, Billy promised to give them \$500 if he won a certain race at Yonkers," she said. "I think they lit candles. They also must have had a pipeline to the track. Billy won the race and they called at four in the morning to congratulate him."

Haughton came back into the room—his pledge to the sisters thus time was unconditional—and the conversation turned to a 95-acre farm the Haughtons had recently bought in New Hampshire, a remote place, said Dottie wistfully, "where I'm going to drag Billy, and nobody will find him." Billy nodded pleasantly, but soon was talking animatedly about the upcoming racing season. Established stars like Handle With Care, Keystone Smartie, Glasgow and Bret's Champ would be back. An illness to Trainer John Chapman had resulted in Haughton's taking over Saviour, the 1975 harness Horse of the Year. But it was his new crop of young



Billy: "Maybe I did get in his road a little."

horses that most enthused Haughton.

"You can never tell for sure, but they look real good," he said. "They could be the best I've ever had."

If it sounds like a lot to handle, don't forget there is help at the ready. "Peter could take over the stable right now," says Del Miller. "He truly knows the business. But the best thing about him is that he doesn't think he knows it all. He's always trying to learn more."

And generally succeeding at it. One evening at Pompano, Peter drove a 2-year-old pacer named Gold Customer, who was making his first start. The horse, green and nervous, went off gait and failed to finish. Afterward one of the owners, a Palm Beach restaurateur named Marcello Fiorentino, bellowed theatrically, "Peter! Next time your father drives!" It was gallows humor, and Billy Haughton laughed. But Peter said softly, "Next time he'll do better, Marcello." There are times when the things people say to you at racetracks should be taken seriously. In Gold Customer's next start, Peter Haughton drove him to a strong second-place finish. Marcello Fiorentino was jubilant.

END

## It's a sin in Cincinnati

**Losing, that is, for the young, exuberant Bearcats have compiled a homecourt winning streak of 46 games, the longest in the country**

Cincinnati and San Francisco went at each other last Saturday in a game that had all the ingredients of modern basketball: freshmen flashes, full-court defenses, Ben Brummel coaches, national television, seven-footers rebounding in the ozone, 76 trombones and wall-to-wall strategy.

It was a game between a team not old enough to drive (San Francisco) and one that had its learner's permit (Cincinnati). Last year Cincinnati started four freshmen and won 23 games. This year San Francisco came visiting with three freshmen starters and a 22-5 record.

In the end, experience (relative) won out. Cincinnati sophomore Pat Cummings sank an 18-foot jump shot with five seconds remaining in overtime to give the Bearcats an 89-88 victory over USF, thereby drying all the sweaty palms in Cincinnati Gardens and upping the team's record to 21-4.

Back in the days when women, not men, wore the hair curlers, San Francisco

and Cincinnati each won back-to-back NCAA championships. Some 15 to 20 years later the game has changed as much as fashions, and the coaches have kept pace. Most have suede-smooth tongues, dress like Sammy Davis Jr. and know the latest way to shake hands. Bob Gaillard of San Francisco and Gale Catlett of Cincinnati are no exception. On Saturday, Gaillard wore a three-piece white-flannel suit with a pinstripe, while Catlett countered with his brown check, the one with the three-inch cuffs. Gaillard had on two-tone high-heeled shoes, Catlett fought back with two-tone patent leathers. Overall, Gaillard was best in show. He wore no tie. Game, set and match.

Cincinnati does not know what to make of Catlett. His glib manner does not sit well in a community still fighting the perils of fluoridation. "They don't like me because I wear white boots in the wintertime," he says. Wary of rebuke, Catlett once mocked his detractors by saying, "I don't need the job. My wife has \$5 million." Indeed, her family is loaded, as are her husband's teams—with talent. He has averaged 20 wins for each of his four seasons at Cincinnati and, more important, he has dusted off a program that was growing senile while surviving on memories. Along the way he has changed everything from the mascot's attire to the pregame drills, while living each day with gusto. For instance, he passes out what he considers a fool-proof system for winning at blackjack, and carries a pocketful of Australian pennies. "They work just like dimes in candy machines," he says.

He also has softened the Cincinnati schedule so much that several visiting opponents should have stayed in kennels rather than motels. Catlett listens to scores of college games on the radio until the wee hours of the morning and records them in a book, subscribes to

scouting services and tries to schedule a lot of teams with hyphens in their names. "Otherwise you can get beat," he says.

Whatever, he has one of the best and youngest teams in the country, and one that is peaking at just the right time. Last year the Bearcats won their final 16 games before losing to Louisville in the NCAA playoffs. This year the team has won nine of its last 10. And over four years, the club has won 46 straight on its campus homecourt, the Army-Fieldhouse, the longest major-college streak in the nation.

People like Pete Rose of the Cincinnati Reds and former UC star Oscar Robertson help recruit. Bob Miller, the team's 6'10" sophomore center, came to school because his mother grew up in Indianapolis as a fan of Robertson's. "Oscar's name is magic," says Catlett, more than grateful to anyone who can land him a center with a 42-inch vertical jump and fine scoring and rebounding stats.

Cincinnati reflects the exuberant spirit of its coach and of its youth. Teammates reward a good play by running downcourt with their fists raised and signal to the crowd for added encouragement and applause. On Saturday, Forward Mike Jones turned to San Francisco's Winford Boynes at the foul line and said, "There's a lot of people watching. Let's give 'em a show." The team even has an unofficial halftime shooter, alumnus Mark Shoner, who wanders out and fires away.

Catlett was worried about USF for lots



CUMMINGS CAME THROUGH IN CLUTCH



CATLETT'S OUTFITS MAKE FANS CLUTCH

of good reasons. He had been an assistant coach under Adolph Rupp, and the Baron was scheduled to attend the game Saturday. Illness prevented him from showing, and perhaps that was fortunate since the only time he had seen UC play, the team lost, Catlett's only defeat in Cincinnati. And with all three of his point guards sick or injured, Catlett did not need any bad omens.

As it was, the team had its share of bad luck, but won, anyway. Cincinnati built a 13-point lead in the second half, but frittered it away when the guards threw the ball around as if it were infected, and the game went into overtime. Then Cummings drilled in his game-winner. Afterward, the UC doctor lectured the team about proper nutrition. It seems the players have been skipping dinner and pocketing their meal money. This week Cincinnati plays in the Metro Six tournament, hoping to qualify for the NCAA. The team better eat, or it might get feasted on.

## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**EAST** Phil Ford had North Carolina rooters jumping for joy because he himself kept jumping. When North Carolina State tried to catch the Tar Heels, it chose to keep fouling Ford, who had been having trouble sinking free throws. But Ford, who learned he had been jumping when he shot, kept his feet planted, made all 16 of his foul tries, and Carolina won 91-79 to sew up the Atlantic Coast crown.

Providence lost to Massachusetts (20-4) 81-79 in overtime, then started St. John's 67-53. Virginia Tech also regrouped, coming back from a 79-75 double-overtime loss to Virginia to crush Syracuse 92-81.

Ivy rival Princeton beat Yale 66-53 and got 31 points from Barnes Hauptfuehrer as it downed Brown 70-59.

Undeclared Rutgers committed 23 turnovers but stopped William and Mary 100-90, then demolished LIU 103-87.

Immaculata ended Delta State's record 51-game women's collegiate winning streak 64-53, forcing 16 turnovers and holding Lusia Harris to 23 points, 10 below her average. Later in the week, the Mighty Macs beat Southern Connecticut 54-45 as Denise Burdick flipped in 24.

Fairmont State (27-0) took the West Virginia IAC tournament, wiping out Shepherd (31-2) in the final 104-84.

With Emery (Em the Gen) Sammons rid-

ding the basket from long range for 29 points, Philadelphia Textile won its 21st in a row, 74-58, over Old Dominion, last year's Division II champs.

With 37 seconds left and Jacksonville leading Wisconsin-Milwaukee by eight, Marty Gross of the Dolphins got to play for only the second time this season. Although there was hardly enough time for Gross to make an impression, he did just that, for when he yanked off his sweat pants his shorts came off, too. Final score: 58-53, Dolphins.

1. RUTGERS (29-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (24-3)

**MIDEAST** "It was so exciting I used six pieces of bubble gum," said reserve Keith McCord of Alabama. While McCord bubbled and Assistant Wimp Sanderson chewed a hole in a towel, the Tide virtually clinched Southeastern honors by outlasting Tennessee 93-90 in a game that had three last-second shots. Mike Jackson of the Vols sent the game into overtime. Greg McElveen saved it for the Tide in the first extra period and Rickey Brown won it in the second overtime. Tennessee committed two fouls—one a technical—in that last second, leading to Alabama's final points.

Marquette's Lloyd Walton draped himself around Notre Dame's Adrian Dantley, limiting him to six first-half points as the Warriors worked their way to an 81-75 win.

"I was in a mental war with myself," said Indiana's Quinn Buckner as he spoke about his poor shooting this season. Buckner declared war on Iowa, hitting on 12 of 19 shots in a 101-81 triumph. In a 96-67 conquest of Wisconsin it was Scott May who did the firing, scoring 41 points as Indiana locked up the Big Ten title.

1. INDIANA (23-0) 2. MARQUETTE (23-1) 3.

**WEST** Coaches thrive on pet phrases or words to sum up the mystical key to victory. The current favorite is "intensity," coaches reasoning that if their players have that they will establish "momentum," which leads to "supremacy." Intensity is something Oregon revs up even before game time, several Ducks standing at malcontent during warmups and just staring at opponents. Before the opening tipoff against Washington, though, the Ducks were taken aback when six Huskies donned Gröncho Marx masks and stared back. Washington won 67-62 and then faced Oregon State, which had built up less of intensity of its own by whipping Washington State 69-55 without Center Lonnie Shelton; a court upheld a ruling that he was ineligible because he had signed a pro contract the latter changed his mind last summer. While riled up the Beavers was Huskie Coach Mary Harshman's statement that the Pac-8

should have forced State to forfeit its conference wins. Using a no-post, full-speed offense to draw the taller Huskies away from the basket, the Beavers came out on top 73-64. What else could Harshman say except, "Oregon State played with a lot of intensity."

So did UCLA, which woke up after a humbling 20-point loss to Oregon the week before. The Bruins clobbered California 113-93, Marques Johnson sinking all his shots, 11 from the floor and five from the foul line. UCLA then trampled Stanford 120-74, leaving losing Coach Dick DiBasso as helpless as he was several weeks ago when his automobile got stuck in a car wash.

With its No. 1 fan, 396-pound George (Bang the Drum Quickly) Kalil, whacking his bass drum, Arizona took command of the Western AC. A league rule will prohibit such noischool instruments next season, but last week Kalil's booming drum resounded as the Wildcats won 74-66 at Wyoming and 78-72 at Colorado State. Texas-El Paso moved into second place by beating Utah 81-71 and BYU 51-50 on a 16-foot jumper by Jake Poole in the waning moments.

"I was hoping for an upset, not an upset stomach," said Pepperdine Coach Gary Colson after scouting San Francisco's 111-77 blitzing of Loyola. The Waves, who face the Dons Saturday for the West Coast AC title, beat Santa Clara 91-88 in double overtime.

1. UCLA (22-4) 2. UNLV (26-1)

**MIDWEST** "Bring on Mizzoa. Bring on Mizzoa." That was the chant taken up by some 200 Kansas State students who had driven 350 miles for a game at Iowa State. With Chuckie Williams netting 27 points, the Wildcats won 80-67 and tied for the Big Eight lead with Missouri, which was shocked 68-57 at Oklahoma. Freshman Guard Cary Carrahere of the Sooners capped his 19-point effort with six clutch baskets down the stretch.

In the first round of the Southwest Conference tournament Arkansas defeated TCU 81-65 and Texas Tech boiled Rice 108-84. SMU disposed of Texas 103-90 as Ira Terrell garned in 31 points. Houston topped Baylor 88-86 when with six seconds left D.J. Birdsong sank two free throws, the last of his 32 points.

Oral Roberts (19-5) kept its hopes alive for an NCAA at-large bid by downing Creighton 79-70 for its 10th straight victory. Anthony Roberts, who had 32 points and 14 rebounds, has averaged 28.1 points and 13 rebounds during the Titan streak.

Coe, a Division III juggernaut from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, beat Carleton 66-61 and Grinnell 106-82 to finish the regular season with a 22-0 mark.

1. CINCINNATI (22-4) 2. KANSAS ST. (16-0)

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## Quick thrust to the fore

In a sport ruled by Europeans in their 30s, Peter Westbrook, who is only 23, looks sharp enough to win the U.S. an Olympic medal in the saber

Douglas Fairbanks aside, we are not a nation of fencers. The best we have done since the U.S. first entered an official team in the 1912 Olympics is one silver and five bronze, the last, a bronze, going to Albert Axelrod in the foil at Rome in 1960.

But this July in Montreal, Peter Westbrook may change all this. Black and only 23 in a sport traditionally dominated by white Europeans in their 30s, Westbrook has improved so dramatically in so short a period that he has a chance, albeit slim, to win a gold medal in the saber. According to Csaba Elthes, U.S. Olympic coach since 1964, Westbrook is the most promising fencer ever developed in this country.

Westbrook started fencing at 15 when he was a sophomore at Essex (N.J.) Catholic High (the alma mater of runner Marty Liquori and Mark Murro, the U.S. record holder in the javelin). New Jersey, perhaps the only scholastic fencing hotbed in the U.S., permits the use of all weapons—épée, foil and saber—in high school competition. By the time Westbrook was 19 he had not only won the interscholastic state championship, but had also had four years experience with his favorite weapon, saber. This leapfrogged him ahead of his competition at NYU, a perennial fencing power, and in 1973 he handily won the NCAA title. In 1974 he became the first black to win the U.S. saber championship. Under Elthes' tutelage Westbrook has been the Amateur Fencers League of America's champion for the past two years, and in the Pan-Am Games last fall he came in third amid bitter political squabbling.

A lean, wiry 5'10", Westbrook is a versatile athlete; he used to box, wrestle and play basketball. He says his Japanese mother convinced him to become a fencer because her brother had been a kendo enthusiast, the slashing sport in which bamboo staves are used. Westbrook's father was in the U.S. Army stationed in

Japan when he met Peter's mother. They married and settled in New Jersey, where Peter was raised.

"She told me," says Westbrook, "that if I could become proficient in fencing, it would provide me with a chance to travel. And it has. I've fenced in Italy, the Soviet Union, Spain, France and Mexico."

Excellent balance, quicksilver movement and radar sensitivity are the essence of Westbrook's skill which is sharpened by working out with Elthes three nights a week at the New York Fencers Club or the New York Athletic Club. During the day Westbrook is a graduate student in economics at NYU. Between his job at the NYU admissions office, studying, fencing and jogging—"one mile a day as fast as I can to get it over with"—Westbrook has little time for two favorite pursuits, women and music.

Along with Westbrook, the U.S. saber squad to date includes Paul Apostol, a member of the 1972 Olympic team, Alex Orban, Thomas Lasoczky and Stephen Kaplan. Positions on the team are awarded on the basis of points accrued in national tournaments held throughout the year.

By and large, Elthes is pleased with the performance of the squad. "The U.S. has the best talent in the world, but there is no coordination in the administration of the sport," he says. "The athletes get barely enough to cover their expenses. I'm not advocating professionalism, just compensation to provide training for the talent available. If I could work with the 10 select saber men, the U.S. would have a potful of gold."

Best described as a mix between boxing and chess, saber fencing requires tremendous speed and strength. The object of a bout is simple: hit without being hit. Once the antennae of steel salute, cross and begin vibrating, messages of plan and counterplan are broadcast in nanoseconds back and forth across the



OPPONENTS FIND WESTBROOK A DEVON

battlefield, an area some 6½ feet wide and 46 feet long. Etiquette demands a deliberate pattern of exchange, attack-parry-riposte-counterparry-and-counter-riposte until a touch is scored by slashing, banging, sticking or slicing any part of the head or torso.

"It is a fast, sharp, psychic battle," says Elthes, who tried to put the sting back into fencing that plunger-tipped foils and blunted blades have removed. "It is no accident that the art of modern fencing first developed in countries that permitted dueling," he says. "Back then the only rule, once the steel was unsheathed, was kill, and kill quickly. The possibility of death heightened sensitivity. An effective competitive fencer must act as if it is still there. If defeat meant death, the game would improve."

These are stern words from any coach, especially one in a sport where, according to Westbrook, "Your coach is everything." Westbrook praises Elthes as the best coach in the U.S., possibly the world, but says he initially found Elthes to be so intimidating that he backed away. "Csaba's theory is discipline with pain. Never a compliment, usually belittlement. I was stunned."

Whether he is liked or not is of no concern to Elthes. "When I first arrived here from Hungary in 1957," he says, "some well-meaning Americans came to me and said, 'Csaba, this is America, training is not so rigorous here. You must change your style.' I listened, but I did not

change my style. A good fencer cannot be sensitive like a child, he must be determined."

Elthes says Westbrook will be handicapped at Montreal by his lack of international experience. "Fencing is a nerve sport," the coach says. "You succeed through intimidation, sneaky tactics, groans and protests." He concedes that a full-blown crucifixion scene is no longer necessary, but adds, "It sometimes helps. And in the old days verbal abuse was part of the bout. Taunts and gibes at the opponent's family. Seduction, bullying, anything to shatter concentration."

"A good fencer spots a weakness and applies pressure. For instance, you get the edge on an opponent by making him nervous. Nervousness leads to overreaction. When your opponent is sufficiently rattled, you feint and attack and, predictably, he overprotects. Fast, you snap back and cut underneath, leaving him sketching curls in the air."

Before a bout it is not uncommon for foreign fencers to come over and stalk Westbrook, who is a pawky yet mellow sort. With sneering smiles they look him up and down until suddenly he realizes, "These guys are out to kill me. It's no game, these professionals are fencing for their lives. In Hungary last summer a supposed genteel type ripped his mask off and spat at his opponent. And the Cubans bashed like bulls in the Pan-Am Games. They lashed at my knees, which is clearly off limits. There was an occasional dance, but most of it was blood-lust combat. It really came down to self-defense. The only way to beat them was to convince myself that all their years of practice didn't matter, and that the fact they train three times as much as I do was unimportant. I couldn't afford to be realistic."

In saber fencing these days, the Soviets are the real power. There are 100,000 registered fencers in the U.S.S.R., compared to 10,000 in the U.S., and Russia's ace saber men are pampered and petted. But at the pre-Olympic trials in Montreal last summer, Westbrook came in second to the U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Lazdymov, the world's premier saber man, and neatly skewered the always dangerous Hungarians, Cubans and Italians. This July at Montreal he hopes to give Elthes the only gift worth presenting to a fencing master—victory.

END

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# O.K., what's the pitch?

Whatever, it's a slow windup, with the players eager to start spring training while management stalls

There is only one thing to be said in favor of the dispute between major league players and management that has delayed spring training and threatens further disruption: the quality of the rhetoric is superior to that of other labor confrontations.

One high-level executive sniffs, "These doggone players have a misguided view of themselves because they've never lived in the real world. Of course, they are going to have to accept some restraints on their movement. And they had better learn quick that if you like scrambled eggs for breakfast, it's not a good idea to eat the chicken."

Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, says, "I'm bewildered. Here these owners are with one hand in a vise and the other yelling at us, 'We're gonna fix you good.'"

Bill Vecek, the very maverick new owner of the Chicago White Sox, says, "We'll get out of this. What it boils down to is: management needs somebody to manage and the players need somebody to pick up the tab." (When Vecek announced he was going to open the White Sox camp to his minor-leaguers, Clark Griffith, vice-president of the Minnesota Twins, remarked, "If we thought this was the act of a rational person, we'd worry about it.")

A general manager talks fervently of the importance of "bringing the players to gaff," forgetting that for the first time ever, the players think they are now in position to bring the owners to gaff.

Charlie Finley says, "The handwriting is on the wall, but these athletes can't read." Or can they?

Yet however good the talk, baseball

needs action. It is to be hoped it will come suddenly—as it did in pro basketball last month after similar haggling.

The baseball fuss does not have the smell of a long dispute. The players are eager to go to spring training. And the owners would have to have a severe death wish to continue the torture much longer, partly because all the players are contracted to play this year, which means the teams are committed to pay them.

Here's how the impasse developed. Last year an arbitrator ruled that Los Angeles Pitcher Andy Messersmith was correct in his insistence that he should become a free agent by simply playing out his option year—that one year beyond the length of his contract. Traditionally, management has insisted that a player is bound to a team for life, unless the team decides to trade him, release him or sell him. That is the reserve clause. Owners appealed the decision to a court in Kansas City, where the judge upheld Messersmith. The owners are appealing some more. So there is a chance—a remote one—that at any moment a court could rule in favor of the owners and, presto, everything would be back to square one with the reserve clause intact.

The Messersmith decision means a lot of players could be free next year to make the best deal for themselves with any team they can, after playing out this season as their option year. Players think the whole situation is terrific; management doesn't.

The players are not on strike. Regarding the reserve clause, Miller says they do not want anything not already upheld in the Messersmith case. But management locked the players out of the camps pending a compromise, or at least pending some movement toward a compromise. At week's end the owners proposed that an eight-year major-leaguer would be free to play out his option the ninth year. (With the average major league career being 4.1 years, nine years should cover it.) Without such firm ties, management sees these evils:

Players would flit from team to team, getting increasingly astronomical salaries and alienating fans. Clubs would not be able to meet expenses (developing players costs each team about \$1.5 million a year), and some will go broke. Competition will die because the best players will



Marvin Miller told the negotiators he was ready to play baseball, and he drank to that.

gravitate to Los Angeles and New York.

To each of these fears, the players say, "Phooey." They insist they would not jump from team to team any more than they now are traded by the owners, which is a lot: that salaries would not go up all that much except for the superstars, who deserve more anyway; that few owners can legitimately plead poverty; and that all the good players would not go to the two glamour cities because many of them like it where they are; plus, no good player wants to move to a team where he will end up sitting on the bench watching even better players perform.

Are there any ways out of this jungle? Many. Predictably, the best solution is likely the easiest. The owners could accept what the courts are ramming down their throats. Even Lee MacPhail, American League president, admits, "We're trying to swim against the social current. We've got to change." The trouble is that for years, with everything running the owners' way, they turned their backs when Miller would bring up the idea of important modifications in the reserve system. Suddenly, the trump is held by the players. Or is it a gun?

Privately, many top-level baseball peo-



ple are saying they can live without the reserve clause. Some have even said it in public. Veeck says he has been against the clause since 1941, when he wrote a letter to Judge Landis, baseball's first commissioner, saying the system was "morally and legally indefensible," and got a letter back in which Landis noted, "Somebody once said a little knowledge is a dangerous thing and your letter proves him to be a wizard." Phil Wrigley, president of the Chicago Cubs, says baseball does not need the clause. Buzzy Bavasi, president of San Diego, says, "I think without the reserve clause baseball will be fun again. If I need a shortstop, I'll decide who the best shortstop is and go after him."

The general thinking is that without the reserve clause or with serious modifications of it, the 5% of the players who are superstars will get much more money. The 20% of the "fairly decent" players will get a bit more than they do now, and the remaining 75% will not benefit or may even lose ground. Says Bavasi, "I think a lot of \$25,000 journeyman players are going to go out on the free market and find they are worth \$23,000."

Another solution is for the players to agree to waive the rights won in the Messersmith case. John Gaherin, chief negotiator for baseball's 24 owners, insists the players, in fact, "have a duty to do so." Muller contends the union cannot abridge the new player freedoms because it would be open to lawsuits from individual members. But Tom Scaver of the Mets says, "The Players Association is willing to give up some of what it has won in the courts if the owners will also give up something."

Perhaps to prevent bidding wars a ceiling could be put on the total amount each team can spend on player salaries. This is a very good idea—except each of the owners whispers that other owners will cheat. Peter Bavasi, San Diego's general manager, suggests a simple chart for salaries, with pay based on performance. Veeck thinks players might be bound to a team for seven years—including minor league time—so clubs can recover player-development costs. After that, he says, let the market work its will. Players seem to think four or five years of fidelity to one team is more realistic.

It is possible that spring training could



Convinced below bubble-gum cards in the Players Association office last Friday, the owners' spokesmen—Lee MacPhail, John Gaherin and Chub Feeney—faced Muller and a sticky time.

go ahead with the proviso that an agreement must be reached by, say, Sept. 1, or the season would then be suspended. This would buy time. As Cincinnati's Johnny Bench says, "The Players Association and the owners have waited too long before getting down to negotiations."

Meanwhile, Messersmith is a man without a team. Both league presidents have instructed clubs not to deal for Messersmith pending final disposition of his case. Many teams obviously would like the services of a 20-game winner, but some are afraid to hear the price. Last year Messersmith made about \$120,000. In a free market he would probably get \$250,000.

Even if the reserve clause is completely dumped, there may be some minuses for players. With operating costs going up, there likely would be fewer farm teams, and thus fewer baseball-playing opportunities. And management everywhere is quick to say every team has a number of average players whom they would just as soon see play out their options. This means younger—read, lower paid—players would have better chances of making the majors.

Further, players have a public-relations problem themselves. The average major league baseball salary in 1975 was about \$45,000—ranging from Oakland's \$60,000 to Montreal's \$31,000. That is for less than eight months' work. Plus a pension, \$23-a-day meal money, first-class plane tickets, hotels and ground transportation. Although in all fairness, you can't compare playing major league baseball to, say, working for an insurance company—careers are short and uncertain, and to qualify for the job the applicant needs extraordinary skills.

One club that went nowhere last year—and will not this year—paid these salaries to its 25-man roster: three earned the minimum \$16,000, two received \$17,000, three got \$18,000, two made \$34,000, two got \$40,000, and the rest earned \$20,000, \$23,000, \$24,500, \$25,500, \$31,000, \$32,500, \$35,000, \$36,500, \$42,500, \$45,000, \$75,000, \$90,000 and \$125,000. That's \$389,500, an average of \$35,540.

So while the so-called freedom issue looms large, economics still is the heart of the problem—on both sides. History teaches that when somebody says it's not the money but the principle, it's the money. **END**

## KING DOES NOT REIGN ON ABC



BILLIE JEAN QUIZZES SUPERSTAR FINALIST ANNE HENNING

It was a Monday night in January at the Port Charlotte (Fla.) Bowlerama, and the fourth event of *The Women Superstars* preliminary competition was about to be filled. Althea Gibson, Wyomia Tyus and Diana Nyad completed their warmups while Billie Jean King relaxed with a few of the 24 other contestants. Although King was not competing, her assignment as commentator for ABC Sports presented nearly as much of a challenge to her as the three-holed bowling ball had offered Martina Navratilova. King, who has been TV's version of a missing person since joining ABC amid much fanfare 14 months ago, could only hope that she would perform as prominently as Navratilova, who in her fourth game ever rolled a 149.

When King signed a two-year contract with ABC for a reported \$200,000-plus, she became the highest-paid woman sports telecaster. Since then she has appeared as a color commentator on the two broadcasts of L'eggs World Series of Women's Tennis, the 1975 and 1976 *Women Superstars* and as a hostess on a prime-time women's sports special. She also has taped an 11-week series on tennis and a wrist-wrestling segment for ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. There are neither numerous nor prestigious assignments for an announcer in her salary bracket, and they have led to speculation in the TV industry that 1) ABC considers King a disappointment or 2) King is so upset about the infrequency of her appearances that she is

planning to jump to CBS. Both rumors have been denied, but there remains serious doubt that King is repaying ABC's investment in her.

She thinks she has "in a way ABC is paying for my past, buying my name, not my television skill, because I don't have much," King says. "But ABC invested in me and gave me a chance to learn and grow. I intend to use the opportunity wisely."

How prudently she used her first year with ABC is questionable. King has not worked in

TV enough to improve substantially her technical skills, yet in her usual ambitious way she already envisions a syndicated program of her own as a stage for women's sports. She also claims that she would like to do more shows for ABC, but she has not matched this desire with a reduction in other activities. Being an announcer demands flexibility and a willingness to suffer through tiresome, repetitive filming and taping sessions. King's schedule and impatience make it difficult for her to meet either of these requirements.

During her first year with ABC, King was busy training for and winning her sixth Wimbledon singles title, playing in and promoting World Team Tennis and struggling to save her magazine, *womenSports*. There are scheduling conflicts this year, too. Among other activities, King is ushering in a professional softball league and still playing for World Team Tennis.

From the outset ABC accepted the fact that King would continue in tennis, and the network planned to accommodate her schedule. Her expertise in tennis, after all, was to be the starting point for her career in broadcasting. That, and her ability to relate to women athletes.

"The athletes respect and trust her," says ABC producer Don Ohlmeyer. "She offers a vivaciousness and a knowledge about women competitors. Too often raw talents like hers are mismanaged by being used on broad-

casts to which they can contribute nothing." So ABC has chosen to emphasize King's assets by placing her in familiar settings. She will be used only infrequently on other events until she acquires the rudimentary skills network television demands.

"But I'm hardly at the bottom, am I?" King says. "Can you imagine the number of people at local stations who would like to and should rightly be where I am now?" Because King has not moved up through TV's ranks, she has yet to adapt to the frustrations that professional announcers accept as routine. A five-minute piece may take up to four hours to film and rewrite, hours filled with retakes, delays while equipment is adjusted or repaired and just plain waiting. Or time may force a postponement and the crew must be free to cover the event on another day. For example, a change in the filming dates for *The Women Superstars* finals resulted in a part of the production work being scheduled for a day when King was supposed to play doubles in a Virginia Slims tournament. Only after considerable discussion did she agree to switch the tennis date.

Whenever King is able to go on location, she shows a genuine desire to become a real professional. And she gives evidence that she could become one. Her concise comments during the live coverage of L'eggs tennis added significantly to the viewer's understanding of how Chris Evert is able to dominate her opponents so thoroughly. While interviewing the women superstars King remained in the background, merely prompting the athletes with questions, because she feels no broadcaster should upstage her subject. This role may be hard for her to maintain, especially since her TV career is so closely tied to the exposure of her name and because she works for a network whose announcers have a tendency to overwhelm the events they cover.

There is a simple solution for King's problems at ABC. When she led the revolution in women's tennis a decade ago, her energies were channeled in one direction: "I'm used to working hard, giving 100%, to whatever I do," she says. "I don't know any other way." Should she eventually decide to expend 100% of her energy on television, her handling of the microphone could become as sure as her grip on her tennis racket. **END**

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## Put down by a top spin

The author, a 10-time U.S. Open champion, expected a soft touch from a group of Japanese ballerinas, but he got knocked for a loop

Can't recall her name, but it was chock-full of ks and zs. Matsuzaki, Fukuzaki—something like that. The name is unimportant. What mattered was that stroke attached to her arm. Unforgettable. First loop I ever saw.

The year was 1962 and I'd flown into Tokyo fresh off a six-week tour of U.S. military bases in the Far East. Table tennis exhibitions for boondocked troops, compliments USO. Standard tour (I'd done many); standard places (except for a new spot called Vietnam); standard act, trick shots and fake grants as my partner and I made easy shots look hard.

Competition starved, we reached Tokyo, where there was plenty of it. A 10-yen phone call set it up. Former world champ Oginura was coaching some "promising" teen-age girls that night and, "O.K., O.K.," he said, he'd bring his own racket. Pleased to get a workout himself. Naturally. Standard gracious reception for visiting hotshots. Table tennis protocol, worldwide. But would I

mind, Ogi added, hitting some balls with his girls? "They've heard about your chop." "My pleasure," I lied. I wanted to trade bullets with Ogi, not puffballs with girls.

When we arrived at the "club"—a 40 by 80 room, bare except for some benches and a few tables—preparatory ceremonies were already underway. Dressed for play, shorts and sneakers, a dozen Japanese girls were limbering up. Oginura supervised: knee bends, back arches, torso twists. Toy ballerinas, made in Japan. Clever. Next, Ogi, in shorts and sneakers, too, I was glad to see, set the dancers shadow-stroking. Not much promise there, I thought. Those forehands are too long, too sweeping. What is Oginura teaching them, to throw the discus?

I positioned myself at a table and hid my impatience under a smile. Finally, at Oginura's signal, the corps de ballet, gliding silently, arranged itself in a line alongside my table. As if on cue, one

dancer disengaged herself and flowed into position across the table from me. Frail and graceful, she bowed to me. Excellent choreography—but let's get on with it.

I displayed the ball to her (the international query, "Are you ready?"); then I served.

It was an ordinary serve, nothing fancy, no spin to trouble her. I was being friendly. Her return, a forehand top spin, seemed (apart from that silly discus-throw stroke) ordinary, too. It traveled slow and high, clearing the net by a foot or more. She, too, apparently, was friendly, but for me instinct overruled friendship, and as the ball approached I drew back my arm to do what I had done a zillion times before, to do what I always do against a new opponent: show 'em who's boss on the very first point. Timing that ballerina's forehand, I projected in my mind my downward slice through the ball, mean and vicious, my zillionth net-skimming chop whose backspin would cause the ballerina, as it had caused a zillion be-men before her, to dribble the ball feebly into the net.

And that's where the dance ended.

The ball hit my racket and shot straight up. It hit the 15-foot ceiling directly over my head. It had a will and life of its own and it was still spinning crazily when I trapped it on the floor before me. I looked toward my exhibition partner. Our eyes met and mine asked his, "did you see



what we saw?" I examined the ball. I was looking for a corner or an edge. I had never seen a ball with either, but I was hoping for a first. The ball was round, so I served again. Same serve, same place, same discus-throw return. Same result. My chop, trusty net-skimmer, hit the ceiling. The toy ballerinas tittered and with cupped palms covered their teeth. Ogamura frowned then into silence. The silence was worse.

I never did get to play Ogamura that night. Nor did my partner. Instead, one by one, the entire corps de ballet destroyed us.

The rest is history. We had stumbled onto the newly invented loop, the shot that was to turn the then modern "sponge" game into today's ultra-modern game of loops and counterloops. No one knows who invented the loop. Some claim it was born spontaneously when a near-sighted Korean whose glasses had fogged during a game misjudged the ball and almost—but not quite—missed it completely. The grazing near-miss spun it crazy.

You don't have to be an expert to learn the loop. No, yours won't carry the crushing top spin of Hungary's Istvan Jonyer, the world champ, or of Yugo-

slavia's Dragutin Surbek—guys who, given rackets big enough, might spin the world off its axis—but spring even a weak loop on a typical neighborhood champ, especially the smirking kind, and you'll soon have across the net from you a humbled mess of shattered nerves.

The sketches show clearly how the loop differs from the conventional forehand drive. The first difference is the overall length and sweep of the stroke; from backswing to follow-through the racket covers probably twice the distance that it would for a drive. Also, the loop requires a much more pronounced "upward" swing. The best loopers start from an extravagantly low crouching backswing position. Then, rather than swing, they seem to hurl their racket toward the ball, typically with the arm fully extended, somewhat like a *ja-alai* swing.

Another difference between loop and drive is the angle of the racket face at impact. For looping, it must be kept "closed." In fact, that angle would smother the ball toward the floor except for the incredible bite and grip of a good quality sponge racket; the high traction of the rubber allows you to hit much less of the ball than seems possible, to barely graze it, and still have it cross the net.

Indeed, the loop can't be made at all without a good sponge bat.

The first step in learning the loop (apart from using a sponge bat) is to learn to miss the ball completely. Believe me, this will take some learning; it's counter to instinct. So at the beginning, overcompensate. Force yourself to move your racket over the top of the ball by a margin wide enough to guarantee missing it! Three or four inches, say.

The crucial checkpoints of a stroke are: the crouching backswing; the extended arm flung forward, the discus-hurl; the

closed racket face; and the high arcing follow-through from right to left. Ideally, the ball is met about hip-high. At contact point, it should be *descending*.

As your swing begins to groove itself (remember, you are still missing completely) add power to it. The next step is to gradually lessen your "missing gap." From four inches to three, then to millimeters and macromillimeters. Somewhere along the line—almost by accident, it should seem—you will make your first contact. It may well surprise you. The ball will spin more *crazily* than you thought possible. If it doesn't, you've hit it too full. Increase your gap.

With practice (10 to 15 hours) you will begin to feel your racket bite the skin of the ball. The bite can be increased by adding wrist which, relative to the forearm, is a laterally moving hinge, full of tension. It wipes the racket over the face of the ball as lightly as possible.

And don't worry about keeping the ball low. Let it catapult off your racket in a high arc that clears the net by several feet. It's spin that wins the point, not speed. Another basic to keep in mind is that on every shot you must pivot fully, from the coiled backswing position, to the full follow-through. Keep Rodin's Discus Thrower in mind.

#### CHOOSING A SPONGE BAT

Sponge bats are no longer a hard-to-find item. All the large retail chains—Sears, Penney, Ward's—carry an adequate selection. Ward's carries two of my own Autograph Models at \$8 and \$15. Generally, the higher the price the faster and "grippier" the sponge, but if you pay more than \$15 you are paying for fancy decals and a pretty box. The most widely used thickness is 2 mm. That refers to the sponge layer beneath the rubber facing. Thicker sponge is too hard to control; thinner is not fast enough. The rubber facing must be smooth. Actually, the pups are glued downward against the sponge. To test the grip of the facing, try to rub a ball downward across the rubber. The ball should resist. Leather wrapped handles are stylish, but for greater "touch" all world-class players use wooden handles. Lastly, and this is important, high-grade sponge is made from natural rubber and it deteriorates with time and with play. Between playing sessions keep it covered (I use Saran Wrap) and before and after play, clean the faces with a damp towel.

END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEN DALTON



#### HERE IS HOW YOU LOOP THE LOOP

1) Take a wide, crouching stance as the ball approaches and transfer your weight to the right side. For balance, extend the left arm in line with the left shoulder, and hold the arm high. 2) The stroke begins with the uncoupling of the hips and shoulders toward the left. The racket arm, though moving, has not begun to accelerate; it is being "dragged" forward by the pivoting torso. 3) The racket arm now gathers momentum. 4) The wrist drives the racket over the top of the ball. 5 & 6) The weight is now transferred completely and the racket takes off high to the left.



## Three-ring circus in a Garden

The AAU indoor championships offered spectators everything but a trapeze act and cotton candy

Not clowning around, Bayi stepped out fast and finished the mile in 3:56.1, third best indoors.

There are track and field meets, and then there are indoor track and field meets, and anyone who has seen both could tell you the two are not the same. Indoor track is a circus, with all three rings going at once, with the crowd almost on the track, trying to see it all and missing at least one ring of it.

Last Friday's AAU indoor championship in Madison Square Garden was no different, except that the meet went on longer than most, from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., and one of the rings was set up as far away as Princeton, N.J., where weight throwers performed in obscurity. "We could have thrown outdoors at Columbia," said George Frenn, who finished second to Larry Hart in the weight throw. "Indoors, outdoors. Who cares? Nobody comes to see us anyway."

It is certain that few people at the Garden missed Jan Merrill, who won the women's two-mile and then came back 30 minutes later to win the women's mile. Or Steve Williams doing his six-second 60, or Rick Wohlhuter winning the 1,000. But, as in all circuses, there was more, much more.

The last time we looked in on Filbert Bayi, which was only a week ago in San Diego, he was finishing second to Rod Duxon in the mile, a distance at which he was thought to have but one peer, John Walker. "This has caused a big shame back home," said a sad Erasto Zambi, Bayi's coach. "Now they will say we go to the United States without proper training and we lose."

Thus scorched, Bayi and his compatriot, distance runner Suleiman Nyambui, kept a spartan profile in New York City. Mostly they dined on hamburgers—small ones, said Bayi—and omelets, and each morning they were up by 5:30 and running six miles through the nearly deserted streets. Later they jogged 1 1/4 miles more from their hotel to the New York Athletic Club, where they ran sprints indoors. Then they loped home.

Bayi told the press he was in poor condition. "If I said anything else," he explained later, "they would have had me running for a world record. I didn't want that." Not after San Diego.

On Friday afternoon Bayi and Zambi plotted Bayi's race. In San Diego Bayi had run without a plan. Not this time. It was decided he should sprint the first quarter, jog the second to see if anyone behind him was still interested, move up to 80% capacity on the third quarter and then burn the last 440. Such early-late paralyzing sprints are Bayi's trademark.

The timetable set, Bayi went to work. On the first lap he sped to the front and set a furious pace. On the sidelines Nyambui, who had won the three-mile in 13:15, clapped his hands and laughed. The first quarter was 57.6. "I'm in the wrong race," thought Brian McElroy, one of those in pursuit. "We're running a half mile."

Bayi slowed, looked back and saw only Paul Cummings and Ken Popejoy. The crowd's excitement abated a bit when the time for the half was announced as 1:58 but it was still a commendable half. Maintaining the same pace, he passed the three-quarter mark in 2:58.8. And then he was gone. Bayi won in 3:56.1. Cummings, who had fallen back in the last lap, was second in 3:58.4. No one else was under four minutes.

"In Tanzania it is now daytime," said Zambi. "Soon they will hear of this victory. Now we can go home without shame."

Let it be stated for the record: Bayi is in great shape.

Little Martha Watson wandered into the empty Garden and yawned. She had been up since 8 a.m. and she is not, by her own yardstick, a morning person. A light breakfast of orange juice, tea and an English muffin had done little for her. She glanced around at the field she would be competing against in the long jump. That didn't stoke any fires, either.

She sighed. "I don't know any of them," she said. "Well, it's just another day of practice anyway."

Jogging around the track, she warmed slowly to her chore. She holds both the U.S. indoor (21' 4 1/4") and outdoor (21' 7 1/4") records and she knew there was no one in the field who could challenge her. All the other top women long jumpers—high-schooler Kathy McMillan, who has tied the indoor mark; Sherron Walker; and veteran Willye White—had elected to skip the meet.

A group of competitors watched as she

*continued*



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## TRACK & FIELD continued

jogged past. An Olympic veteran, she is 29 but looks 19. "Who's that?" one member of the group asked.

"I think it's Martha Watson," said another.

"It can't be," said a third. "Watson is old."

Watson heard the remark, and laughed. She can remember when, as a teen-ager, she watched Willye White compete. "I'm not going to be like her," she told a friend that day. "I'm not going to be jumping and running around a track when I'm 25."

Now she says, "I'm already four years past that deadline. Track is addictive. I guess the only way I'll get out is by going through a withdrawal."

Eventually she jumped 20' 9½". That was enough to win. By nearly a foot and a half. "It's not too exciting without

Kathy, Sherron and Willye here," she said. "Oh, well, it was a nice workout."

The rental car driven by Tom Hill, the bronze-medal winner in the 110-meter hurdles at Munich, pulled up in front of the Statler Hilton Hotel, headquarters of the AAU meet. "The sign says NO PARKING," said Guy Drut of France, one of Hill's passengers and the holder of the world record in the 110 high hurdles. Another passenger, French high jumper Paul Poiniewa, did not say anything. Poiniewa cannot speak English. "We'll only be a minute," said Hill.

Twenty minutes later he came out of the hotel to find a police tow truck getting set to haul the auto away.

"I told him not to," said Hill to a police officer. He pointed at Poiniewa. "But he can't speak a word of English."

## When Jan ran, others got the runaround

Well into the women's mile at the Garden, Jan Merrill was running last in a field of eight. Ordinarily this would have been surprising, since Merrill ranks just behind Francie Larrieu as the best woman miler in the U.S., but barely 30 minutes earlier she had brought the crowd to its feet by lapping all but two of the nine runners in the field to win the two-mile in 9:59.6. If she was tired, it was understandable.

Then with two quick bursts the 19-year-old Merrill moved to fourth, and then to second, so that at the gun lap she was only a stride behind Julie Brown, the AAU outdoor 1,500-meter champion. On the straightaway Merrill tried to pass, but Brown held her off. Now, coming into the final straight, Merrill moved again. As Brown neared the tape she raised her arms to signal victory, but even as she did, Merrill flashed by to win in 4:38.5. Another standing ovation.

Merrill's gutsy double, added to her victory over Larrieu in the Millrose Games, makes it clear that come July she almost surely will be running in the Olympics. Three women will represent the U.S. in the 1,500, providing each meets the Olympic standard of 4:15. Four other Americans have run the dis-

tance under 4:14, but the only one better than Merrill, Larrieu, lowered her U.S. record last July to 4:08.5, seven seconds off the Olympic and world record (4:01.4) held by Ludmilla Bragina of the Soviet Union.

Merrill is fresher to world-class competition than her event is to the Olympics. When the 1,500 was inaugurated in Munich, she was returning home from Pine Knoll Swim School in Springfield, Mass. to start her junior year at Waterford (Conn.) High School. Since 1964, when she was eight, Merrill has swum for the local YMCA in state and regional AAU meets. By 1972 she was the regional champion, with a personal best of 1:24.4 in the 110-yard breaststroke.

"Everyone in my family swims," says Merrill. "In those days my concentration was in the pool, not on the track, because in Connecticut the competition is much tougher in swimming." Jan's 14-year-old brother Joby is the current family star, having recently broken St. Bernard High School records in the 200- and 500-yard freestyle.

Each fall at Waterford High, Jan starred on the field-hockey team, earning All-Conference honors all four years. In spring she would switch to track, and



After a few tense moments, and after the policeman examined Poaniewa's international driver's license, the tow truck was ordered away. Hill settled for a parking ticket.

"In France," Drut said later, "they would have thanked me for parking there." Drut could probably get away with parking on the lawn at Versailles.

He had been entertained by Hill and his family at their two-bedroom government quarters in Newburgh, N.Y. Hill is a first lieutenant stationed at West Point and he had invited the two Frenchmen to train for two weeks at the facilities there.

"So far we have raced four times indoors this season and Tom has beaten me all four times," said Drut. "So I asked him to coach me."

"Yeah," said Hill. "And I won't be sorry to see you go home."

"But you must come and visit me," said Drut.

"I'll write first. What's your address?"

"Just mail it to Guy Drut, Paris, France. I will get it."

On Friday night the two friends shelved their needles and hunkered down into the blocks. It was time to settle the American indoor championship.

At the gun, Drut waddled briefly, then settled into a smooth stride. Hill, away late, brushed the second hurdle and closed fast. The two hit the finish line at nearly the same instant, in seven seconds flat.

The officials studied the photo and announced Drut was the winner.

"I guess I owe you some wine," said Hill.

"I'll settle for a beer," said Drut. "And thank you, Coach."



RELAXING EARLIER IN THE EVENING, MERRILL GOT UP TO FINISH FIRST-TWICE

by her junior and senior years she had won the state half-mile and mile championship. When she graduated in 1974, she dropped all other competitive sports to concentrate on running.

Standing on the Coast Guard Academy cross-country course in New London, Merrill listens for afternoon workout instructions from her coach, Norm Higgins, who was the 1966 national marathon champion. Without a moment's hesitation she darts off, her orange sweat suit disappearing quickly into a nearby forest. Her training schedule has been a daily routine for 18 months. "I am en-

joying running now more than ever," she says. "For me it is like eating a meal, a natural part of my day." As Jan talks, her mother eavesdrops: "I never get a chance to hear this from Jan," she says. Indeed the press has come to regard the elusive Merrill as a tough person to interview.

Merrill is up by 6:30 for a daily 2½-mile run. After a commute of 14 miles in her blue Volkswagen to Thames Valley State Technical College where she is a sophomore, she returns from her morning classes to her home overlooking the Connecticut shoreline to relax. Homework keeps her busy until about five,

continued

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TRACK A FIELD *continued*

when she takes a six-mile cross-country run. Only in the most extreme winter weather does she move inside the Coast Guard gym, preferring the cold, fresh air of the woods. "Once your hands warm up [she wears socks on them to hasten the process] the air feels good and is terrific for your heart," she says. She admires the Russian runners because "they learned to run and to train in the cold."

Merrill got her first national exposure in the heat and humidity of a June afternoon in Florida. She chose to run the 1,500 in the 1974 Junior Nationals at Gainesville instead of staying in Waterford for her high school graduation. She finished second in 4:36, thereby qualifying for the U.S. junior team, which was to compete against the Russians in Austin two weeks later. There she placed third in 4:28.1, only a few seconds behind two Russians. Higgins credits that accomplishment to her "instinctual ability to accept and meet a challenge." But her more recent success can be credited to her training last August in the Sports Institute of the Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz, West Germany, just before the Pan-American Trials, where she ran a 4:10.6, the 13th-best 1,500 last year by a woman.

"I never really had to teach her how to run a race," Higgins says. "She knew instinctively from swimming. Last summer in Mainz she learned how to relax and now she is able to run for her own performance, not being directly concerned with her competition. I compare it to her being in a play. Like an actress, she has certain lines to deliver, a part to play, which blends into the drama as a whole. She is not the star, but simply one of the performers. If she does the very best she can, then her performance will be judged as a success by the crowd and by herself."

As it was in Madison Square Garden last week. When she was asked after the meet if she was tired, she said, "Not at all. What did I run tonight, three miles? Well, I missed a cross-country meet to run here, and that's three miles, too, so what's the difference? I was relaxed. I enjoyed myself out there. I get pleasure out of it. The crowd, all that cheering—everything. I'm looking forward to the Olympics, but I don't think of them as an end. I may keep running forever."

—MELISSA LUDTKE

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BY MARK KRAM

The scream of Billy Cunningham as his knee tore and his season—perhaps even his career—ended, bespoke the savage hurt that can come with sport, the pangs and throbbing and enduring ache that athletes live with, scheme against and, at times, are beaten by. The irony is, fans seldom notice . . .

# THE FACE OF PAIN

CONTINUED





*Like a bullet, the puck zipped toward Stan Mikita's eye. He tried to duck, turned his head, but the puck sliced his right ear almost in half, leaving the lobe dangling by a thread of flesh. He took 20 stitches.*

*The next day Mikita reported to the stadium. He did not intend to play, but then again. . . . He told the trainer to get a steel cup from a jockstrap, and they rigged up a protective device for the ear, attaching it to the helmet. He went to Coach Billy Reay.*

*"Billy," he said, "if I wear this thing, I think I can play tonight."*

*"I don't know. What if you get hit in the same place?"*

*"Well," said Mikita, "they can sew it up again."*

**JERRY WEST:** *There I was . . . holding two teeth in my hand.*

**T**he French call it *peine*, the Germans know it as *Pein*, and in Italian it is *pena*. Pain as a word is as common, as familiar, as elemental as existence itself. The word rolls over lips, passes before our eyes daily in print and endlessly marches into our ears. But unless it is broken down, described in repellent detail, it seems to convey nothing. It is not, for all the fear it triggers, a *feeling* word. The irony is that nations and ideologies are built on it and, most of all, the individual human being spends much of his lifetime suffering it or inflicting it, but as a simple word, there may be none more remote. Pain must live, it is a visual thing, a hearing thing. In those circumstances, none but the catatonic or morose are not touched by the face of pain.

Consider a fighter's face, a dolorous example such as the rutted hemisphere of heavyweight Chuck Wepner. If it is reported that Wepner took 120 stitches in his face after a bout with Sonny Liston—bringing his career total close to 300—the response of readers or listeners is predictable. The number of stitches will be noted, but in an easy chair a stitch is a stitch is a stitch. An observation might also be made mentally that Mr. Wepner

has an unfortunate calling. The stitches have become only a fact. Had the person in the easy chair been in the dressing room, or later at the hospital watching Wepner take all that catgut without any pain-killer, watched the long needle make its stinging passage, he might have turned his eyes away, or been caught in a swell of revulsion or nausea. Put him at ringside and his reaction is usually different; pain being given or taken mesmerizes. But that is just one contradiction of pain: it sickens yet fascinates.

After millions of years, pain is still a puzzle, a labyrinthine paradox. It is life. It is death. It is survival. "Despite our amazing technology," says Dr. Arthur S. Freese, internationally known in the field of pain, "we have yet to attain the stage of knowledge and understanding of pain that the Wright brothers had of powered flight when they first flew. We find new ways to relieve pain, but we still don't understand how we hurt or why." No two people mean the same thing when they say, "I know what pain is." They only agree that something hurts, and the human race has been hurting from the time early man looked upon pain as the work of hostile spirits, to the present when it has become a test of faith for the religious, a "passion of the soul" for the philosopher, a symptom for the physician.

How does an athlete look at pain, what does it mean to him, how does he live so constantly within its walls, is there a psychological link between athletes and the crazed Marquis de Sade (sadism), or Leopold von Sacher-Masoch (masochism)? Look into an athletic training room, the little room where the ego thrashes furiously against the villain of pain, and there you will see why the athlete is paid so much, why he remains special despite the often proper cynicism that now accompanies him in these, his salad days. Loneliness, desperation, frustration—all ordinary emotions—are trebled in a training room. They cannot always be seen, sometimes only sensed, as the athlete confronts that most ordinary equation: pain and play.

All people suffer in some form, whether from a finger caught in a door or a chronic, debilitating condition. But the athlete is different: at times he suffers almost unendurably—and still must play. Linebacker Tommy Nobis of Atlanta has

played with broken hands, shoving and using them as if they were forged of steel; his teammate Paul Flatley, a wide receiver, caught hard-thrown balls with fractures near each wrist; Earl Monroe, of the Knicks, plays with an arthritic condition and at its worst was averaging 22 points; Muhammad Ali has fought most of his career with hands that ache and throb perpetually in the ring; Gene Fullmer and Carmen Basilio fought successfully, looking most of the time as if they had passed through a shredding machine.

"The pain threshold," says Dr. Robert Kerlan, sports' renowned orthopedist, "is high among superstars or high-level athletes. I think this is most true in the contact sports. I don't know if these athletes can accept more, but they definitely don't feel pain as much. Whether this is acceptance, or the way they're put together, we don't know. I think it has much to do with the way an athlete is put together. You have to have a high pain threshold to play football, hockey, definitely for boxing. In the more skilled sports the pain threshold might be a little lower, although basketball demands heavy contact, and there the level is high. When you try to compare thresholds of football and baseball players, it's not really fair. A football player can play with a broken hand. It's hard for a baseball player even to play with a blister on the end of his finger."

The extremes in types run from Gus Johnson, the former Bullet, and Jerry West, to the implacable Jim Brown. Johnson and West (10 broken noses for West) played their whole careers in pain. "West on one leg is better than most with two legs," the saying used to go. Talking of Brown, Dr. Vic Ippolito of Cleveland says, "No. 32 was impervious to pain. He missed only one part of a quarter in all the time he played. I don't think he was even in the training room for his first six years." A Jim Brown, a Jerry West, a John Unitas, these are extreme examples of players who insist on enduring. With other players there comes a time when the ego drops a few notches, when they start to think of how brittle they and their careers are, when the equation no longer seems workable, and then they slowly slide into that gray area peopled by hypochondriacs, malingers and the "no-risk" takers.

To play at all, to compete at all against

another body, to be physical to the highest pitch, is a risk few have to take as part of their daily employment. Football players now damage ligaments and cartilage in their knees to an extent unknown before; if they take a "spear," there is the possibility of a broken neck or paralysis from dislocated vertebrae. Tennis players can snap a tissue called the rotator cuff while serving too hard. A missed swing can chip an arm bone in a baseball batter, and an outfielder can break an arm by snapping a hard throw to home plate. Jockeys fall, and the results often are collapsed lungs. Fractures of heels and toes dog runners and ice skaters, while soccer players and hurdlers must contend with injuries to the pelvis. Skiers are prone to boot-top fractures. As if pain were an old enemy, athletes scheme against it, use it, or get beaten by it throughout their days.

Take the cases of Merlin Olsen, the great tackle of the Rams, and Taz Anderson, a former tight end with the Cardinals and Falcons. Pain to Olsen is "minor"—even when it keeps him awake at night. But Anderson seems to be locked in an awful struggle, a constant self-interrogation of whether or not it was worth it. Anderson is 36, and he estimates he has had 10 operations on his knees, his feet and toes. He cannot remember precisely. "And I'm not finished," he says. "I am just buying time hoping medical science will come up with something to help. I've been told by doctors I'll be in a wheelchair by the time I'm 55. I can still see my doctor looking at my X rays and shaking his head." Before reporting to the Cardinals as a rookie in 1961, Anderson had cartilage removed from a knee, but he says he entered pro football "in the best shape of my life."

Starting with his third game in 1963, Anderson's pain has been relentless. "I went over the middle to catch a pass," he says, "and the safety's headgear hit my right knee. It felt like nothing I could ever explain. The pain was like what it

must feel to have your leg amputated. It was just like somebody had cut my leg off at the knee. I tried to play the next games with cortisone and Novocain and had the knee drained. But then one day I collapsed getting out of bed." His career ended in the middle of the 1967 season when he was with the Falcons. "While trying to play with one bad leg, I messed up the other," he says. "I couldn't begin to give the sequence of operations. Just too many. I've had a tendon reattached in my left foot. Because of favoring my right side so much, the tendon came away from my arch. I've

exams hurt so much. They blow your knee up with air, then force the dye into it. There's just no way a knee can stand that cutting and repair work. It doesn't have a zipper on it.

"I don't know why I continued to play for so long. I don't know if I would go through it again. I know one thing. I wouldn't want my son to play pro ball. I guess I must have had my knees injected and drained 70 times after I got hurt. We'd be in a restaurant eating as a team, and they'd have me up on a table working on my knee, shooting it up. It got to the point where the shots started wear-

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEDREY GIVE



had bone chips taken from my left ankle, and even a joint in my second toe has been removed. I've had tendons on my toes cut and lengthened. Last year, eight years after I left the game, I had to have my left knee operated on twice."

Anderson says his knees hurt constantly. He takes 12 Excedrin a day, and he is always stiff and sore, and when cool, rainy days come he says he nearly goes out of his mind. "Besides the pain, I have had to lose time from work for operations," he says. "Then there is the cost of treatment, and even the fluoroscope

ing off in the middle of the first quarter. I'd run one-legged the rest of the game. I couldn't even go out for warmups. I knew I had only so many steps. I didn't want to waste any. I was never forced to play hurt after my first serious injury. I should have gotten out then, and maybe I'd be whole today.

"I was watching the Redskins on television one night last season. Larry Brown is pitiful. Somebody should tell him right now: 'Stop! Get out before it's too late.' Those guys who get hurt, the ones who aren't making those big salaries, should

continued

really consider if it's worth it. The way it is, I can hardly get around to sell real estate now. I go out and try to show customers property, and I've got to keep my mind on where I'm walking every minute. If the ground is the least bit uneven, I have a terrible time because I have to walk so stiff-legged."

Merlin Olsen has been under a surgeon's knife only once in his 14-year career. "I've only missed two games in all those years, and they were in my first two seasons," says Olsen. "I was kicked in the groin and had to spend a few days in the hospital. Pain is an interesting thing. The second injury that I had—a hyperextension—was when I got hit as I was trying to jump over an offensive center. A guard or a tackle dove and hit right on the kneecap of the leg that was planted. That drove the kneecap 12 to 14 inches straight back, which caused a massive trauma of the knee area. It seemed like I was in slow motion. I felt the tearing of the muscles. I felt blood vessels popping. I kept saying to myself, 'Get those damned cleats out, get those cleats out of the ground.' It didn't last as long as it takes to snap your finger, but that instant seemed like forever. Then I went to the ground, and I felt the most intense pain in my life."

Olsen chooses to ignore pain, to adjust to it and then go on his way. "Man is an adaptable creature," he says, "and one finds out what you can or cannot do. It's like walking into a barneyard. The first thing you smell is manure. Stand there for about five minutes and you don't smell it anymore. The same thing is true of a knee. You hurt that knee. You're conscious of it. But then you start to play at a different level. You change your run a little bit. Or you drive off a different leg. Maybe you alter your stance."

Olsen says you have to battle pain week after week after work, that a player is placed on an emotional rack and the price is always there to be paid in full. "I remember that year after surgery on my knee," he says. "I had to have the fluid drained weekly. Finally, the membrane got so thick they almost had to drive the needle in with a

hammer. I got to the point where I just said, 'Damn it, get the needle in there, and get that stuff out.'"

Olsen and Anderson cannot be directly compared. They are only case examples used to illustrate pain, to show how two men look at it and are affected by it: Anderson, long out of the game, suffering and somewhat confused, even slightly bitter but blaming no one; and Olsen, still playing, who looks upon pain as an interesting companion, as something which arouses his contempt and inexhaustible taste for pragmatism. Olsen seems to have the perfect attitude for his savage sport, a way of life that is pain more than most others, one that is best underlined by Eddie Block, the creative trainer of the Colts. "John Unitas was recovering from broken ribs in the championship game of 1958," Block recalls. "So we made a glorious protective device for him, and the thing weighed 9½ pounds. It was made out of hammered aluminum. He wore it in that game, and afterward it was so bent the equipment manager pulled from the front and I put a knee in John's back and pulled from behind, just to get it somewhere near its original shape so that he could get it off." (Times change, needs don't. Last year the Colts wrapped the bruised ribs of their latest stellar quarterback, Bert Jones, in a three-pound plastic shield.)

The pain from injury is one thing, yet often not nearly as debilitating to athletes as operations and rehabilitation. Operations seem to take a lot out of them. "It's more of a mental thing," says Austin Carr, of the Cleveland Cavaliers. "And the exercise, weight lifting and all

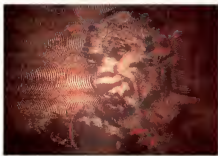
that other stuff after an operation is punishing." Angel Pitcher Bill Singer, who has undergone several operations, says, "The thought of going through another one is too much. The last one got to me. I don't think I want another. If it's a baseball injury that could cost me my career, I pass. I've had enough."

After an operation, the recovery process is tedious and costly to a player. "Most don't realize how tough it is," says Dr. Kerlan. "Not many ordinary people could meet the sacrifice. Take Wilt Chamberlain when he had knee surgery. Wilt lived in Bel Air, and my office was about 13 miles away. When Wilt was getting to the midpoint of his recovery he didn't drive to my office. He ran to my office. He ran 13 miles down here and then 13 miles back. He might jog a bit, or walk some, but mainly he ran that distance. That's a tremendous price. Then he would go down to the beach and run for miles in the heavy sand with heavy shoes on."

The bad knee is like the common cold in sports, and there the similarity ends, for a knee problem can reduce a career to cold ashes. This is the most feared injury in sports. "Have you ever had a tooth broken off so the nerve ends are exposed?" says Bob Lilly, who until recently played defensive tackle for Dallas. "If you have, then you know what a knee injury is like. It feels like there are four teeth broken off inside your knee." Ben Scotti, former defensive back for the Eagles and Redskins, used to say, "Bad knees? You wanna know about knees? They've busted more players than booze. Give an average player a couple of good knees and

he can stay in this league forever." It is a frightful moment when the knee goes. Olsen heard that pop, and there was a strange feeling within him. Jerry West's ligaments ripped—much worse than a torn cartilage—in a game in March, 1971 and he remembers thinking his career was over instantly. With all his other ailments and injuries, this is the one that West cites when asked about pain, the hurt he recalls most vividly.

"A very frightening experience"







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## PAIN *continued*

perience," says Dr. Kerlan, pointing out that a long stream of mental problems can be loosed.

The mind of an athlete? To some, it is the butt of fraternity-house humor. To others, it does not exist at all; he is purely arms and legs, a confluence of muscles that move with more speed, greater force than the rest of us; his body says everything that has to be known, speaks of what he is or is not. But attitude, will, desire are of the mind. Coaches frequently talk about such things, often knowing less about their source than the players themselves; how many careers have been ruined (mostly early) because a coach could not or would not try to understand a kid's head? The coach sees, understands what is in front of him: a block, a cut, a touch, a swing. The player thinks about his mind much more. Winning games, excellence, he knows, is first a matter of the mind. More troubled than ever before, more aware of the ravages of his sport, shot up and shot down with all sorts of drugs, the modern athlete often—and understandably—turns inward.

When they cannot play or practice, some players begin to feel like strangers. Their pain has become a barrier between them and the rest of the team. Once taken in the spirit of things, laughs suddenly seem to become pointed ridicule. The vacant remark becomes loaded with significance or accusation. The team has become an immense and quick eye, recording every trip the athlete makes to the training room, every nuance of his presence. Some of this, of course, is paranoia evolving out of an inner guilt of not contributing, but often the player is right in what he feels. Healthy players can be hostile, and coaches sometimes are cool to those who cannot perform; debilitating pain is a threat to their security—an enemy. Consider the experience of Rayfield Wright, the All-NFL tackle for the Dallas Cowboys.

In the 1973 season Wright suffered cartilage damage to his knee. A good example of a player who will not sit out for a variety of fears—sometimes their jobs, their egos, or the bullwhip of the organization—Wright played in pain the rest of '73 and then through all of 1974. Finally, the Cowboys concluded he needed an operation. "By this time," says Wright, "the cartilage was crushed into bits. If I had had the surgery when I was first injured, it would have been much

simpler. They had to pick the stuff out with tweezers." Came 1975 training camp, and Wright was sure the knee was not ready, so he declined to do calisthenics or any of the rough work. "Suddenly," he says, "I began to feel the pressure. Word got to me they were wondering why I wasn't doing the drills, that I was taking it too easy on myself." Coach Tom Landry said there was concern that Wright was coming along too slowly. Wright said he would not do anything until the knee could take it, and he refused to play until the third exhibition game. His assessment of the situation was correct. He did not miss a down after that.

The mental aspect of pain is sometimes even worse than the physical hurt. There is gnawing self-doubt, anxiety over the future, the dread of an operation. Always an optimist, Billy Cunningham of the 76ers fought back from two major kidney operations, but when his knee was severely hurt in a game last December it was obvious he was hanging on an emotional precipice. "He was very upset, very emotional," says Philadelphia trainer Al Dornier. "He had had those terrible kidney operations. Now he knew another operation was coming up." A photographer recalls the moment: "Cunningham yelled, 'It's broken, it's broken.' I saw the bone in his knee move . . . I mean, it just moved to one side. He screamed." A teammate, Steve Mix, says, "It was black-and-blue before they got to him. I've seen guys go down. I've never seen an injury like that." Cunningham himself says it felt like someone had a hand on his foot, and another person had a hand on his hip "and they just pulled my knee completely out of the socket."

His wife Sandra reflects on all the pain of the last several years, all of the hard mental sweat. "The first time he had the kidney operation," she says, "they told him he'd be back on the court. It didn't happen. He had to go through another. I felt so sorry for him. He'd take our oldest daughter out for a walk. He'd barely get down the driveway before he was so tired he'd have to come back. He would just about make it up the staircase to the bedroom. I remember he started working out on the day they pulled the tubes out of him. He rushed to the Philadelphia Athletic Club and started running around. He ran and he ran. And then he

continued

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## PAIN continued

sat down. And he was so tired he fell asleep, right there on the bench."

Tony Roche has managed only 1½ years of tennis in the past six years. To the Australian Roche, once one of the game's most luminous talents and ranked No. 2 in the world, pain has meant half a million dollars or so, three operations and endless anxiety. At one point he was filled with so much cortisone that the drug was no longer effective. Two of the operations were on his left elbow, another on his Achilles tendon. "At first," he says, "I started to get a constant pain like a toothache in my playing elbow. It hurt to grip a racket. It was there all the time, and I played with it for nine months. I took four months off, came back, and the pain was worse than before. It had shifted to the bone. I worried when I played. I couldn't practice because I had to save myself for actual matches. There are so many things added to the pain, the lack of confidence, the frustration. Away from the court, every time I would grasp something it would hurt. If I was on the telephone with my arm in one position for any length of time I would have difficulty straightening it out when I hung up. I then had two operations, and my arm was as bad as ever. I was serving so softly it might as well have been underarm. After a while you begin to wonder if it's worth it. It is especially true when you have just lost to somebody you know you could beat in the past. It was a long, hard battle to get to No. 2 in the world. Once is enough to battle up that ladder."

Pain of the mind, pain of the body, it is seen, or heard, and then felt, but often it is not remembered. In games played for money, where man times speed equals injury, where ego is involved, where the law of natural selection is rarely more obvious, the canvas is smeared with pain. You look, and then move away, never looking back. You think athletes are like certain birds, that can go so far, so long. Some can go only a little way, some are like the blue geese that migrate nonstop from Hudson Bay to Louisiana, and then there are these few, like the Sooty tern, which can fly for three years or more before alighting. That is the way of athletes; Leopold von Sacher-Masoch has nothing to do with it.

Everyone has his own private picture of an athlete in pain—Joe Namath laboring to get out of a taxi, his face comfort-

ed while placing his leg down as if he were about to walk barefoot on nails; Ben Hogan, bandaged from his foot to his crotch. For me, my last look at Dick Tiger will always stick. Toward the end of his career, the last four years or so, pain followed Tiger like another man's shadow. It got up with him in the morning, it ate with him, and it sat alone with him in the shabby hotel rooms in which he used to kill the long Manhattan nights. Once, watching him walk down sticky and stained Eighth Avenue on a winter afternoon, it seemed that the gray sky had opened up and poured all its sorrow on him. But that was only the way he looked, mostly because of his old man's shuffle, his weathered Homburg and tattered overcoat that trailed the ground. For Tiger, eye to eye, was a man of strength, of a dignity that threw out a wide light, and few athletes ever suffered more to the day he died—so quietly and too young.

At 41, Tiger had not been a memorable fighter or champion, but he had produced moments that you reach back for over and over, and then try to hold like some stone or other keepsake; he made you feel better for having watched him work. By all accounts, he was through by age 37, though he hung on gloriously, crouching and weaving until cancer found him. By then he had no hope, no money (once he was wealthy) and no country. The Nigerian civil war, with its drawn-out horror, had left him that way. The stress of trying to fight on, of trying to find a way to help his country and family, finally cut out his heart.

One afternoon one of his trainers and I stopped by to see him in a little West Side hotel room. Tiger just sat there in a worn robe in the half-dark, saying nothing, his hands joined solemnly over his nose.

"Well, Dick, we'll stop back later," said the trainer. "We were just wondering 'bout ya. How ya were doin'." You know. That sort of thing."

"Yes," he said, in his accented English. "Come back, please, in a little while. I don't want to talk now, gentlemen."

"That goddam war broke him in two," said his trainer, leaving and closing the door. Then the trainer stopped and said, his eyes widening. "Shhh. Listen. Can ya hear him? Tiger, Dick Tiger cryin'? Yeah, he's cryin'!"

Dick Tiger was dead one year later. The face of his pain remains. **END**

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## OLYMPIANS IN REVIEW

Sir:

Congratulations on the excellent coverage of the 1976 Winter Olympic Games, especially William Oscar Johnson's article *Opening Up Those Golden Gates* (Feb. 23). The photographs were breathtaking, with one possible exception. Bobby Clarke may be the NHL's best, but the nrvic from Riverside, Conn., Dorothy Hamill, skated her way to a gold and, for her performance, deserved to be on your cover.

SAL SCIMECA

Astoria, N.Y.

Sir:

Good judgment, SI. Dorothy Hamill dazzles the world with elegance on ice. Rost Mittermaier charms Innsbruck to its knees with her golden smile. And you put a street-hockey player on the cover.

TERRY THOMAS

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

A close-up of Dorothy doing her "Hamill camel" might have gotten Cover of the Year honors, plus at least a 5.9 from the Russian judge. Oh, well, on page 17 you did give us a full-page shot of her standing on the winner's platform, and she looks just fine, thank you.

BILL HOFF

Wheeling, W.Va.

Sir:

Page 17 never had it so good.

KEVIN MURPHY

ALAN KURTZ

Spencerport, N.Y.

Sir:

Admit it, that couldn't have been Anett Poetschpinkly flopping onto the ice in the picture on page 21. It had to be Dorothy Hamill looking for a lost contact lens.

MARK WEINTRAUB

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

• Nope. It was Anett Poetsch—pinkly taking a pratfall.—ED.

Sir:

Come now! As you said (TV/RADIO, Feb. 23), Dick Button rarely uses superlatives, yet he called John Curry's performance the greatest he had ever seen. SI relegated the finest five minutes in Olympic figure-skating history to Fox vs. Recono. Furthermore, neither SI nor ABC saw fit to emphasize the

fact that both Curry and Dorothy Hamill have the same coach, Carlo Fassi.

Your Olympic coverage was excellent. But leaving out Curry is like reviewing the '75 World Series without mentioning Pete Rose.

LESLIE C. MCANENY

Philadelphia

Sir:

Colleen O'Connor and Jim Milins won a bronze in ice dancing, a new Olympic sport, and they were barely mentioned.

DORSEN C. DALLAS

Fayetteville, N.C.

Sir:

I was amazed to read in your Olympic preview (Feb. 2) that Sheila Young skates without socks. That must mean she simultaneously experiences the ecstasy of victory and the agony of de feet.

RUTH HUBBS KENNEY

Fort Jones, Calif.

Sir:

In case you forgot, there is a country north of you called Canada. I was thoroughly disgusted at your failure to recognize three members of Canada's ski team. Ken Rend, David Irwin and Jim Hunter all finished in the top 10 in the premier ski event at Innsbruck, the men's downhill.

JEREMY GRANT

New Hamburg, Ontario

Sir:

Although there were many outstanding athletes, the true heroine of Innsbruck was Rost Mittermaier. She deserves the highest accolades not just for her years of struggle and dedication, which paid off in three medals, but for always maintaining a friendly and ebullient attitude—her all-too-rare ability to smile, win or lose. Rost embodies the ideal of the Olympic movement.

THOMAS ANTHONY

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

William Leggett's review of TV coverage of the Winter Olympics properly awarded gold medals to Dick Button and the ABC camera crews. How about another for your own Anita Verschoth? Her background section in your Olympic preview was our family's bible for the Games, and our faith was rewarded by the accuracy of her predictions, particularly in skating.

JOHN S. BLES

New York City

## PHILLY'S STAR

Sir:

My compliments to Ray Kennedy on an expertly written piece on the leader of the two-time Stanley Cup champions (*Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Clarke*, Feb. 23). Bobby Clarke and friends have brought us Philly fans something we have long been waiting for: respectability in the professional sports world. Now it is a great feeling to wake up in the morning and read the sports page.

SCOTT SALINE

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Take Pete Rose and Jimmy Connors for fierce competitiveness. Add Henry Aaron for a consistently good job year after year. Throw in Bill Russell for the ability to bring a team together. Add a truckload each of unselfishness, humility and kindness. What do you have? The finest man around, in or out of sports: hardworking Bobby Clarke.

MICHAEL SEDAN

Atlantic City, N.J.

Sir:

I agree that Bobby Clarke is a player who always gives 100%, but I also think he is a dirty hockey player who gets away with too much. I was glad to see Ray Kennedy bring out the fact that even Coach Fred Shero admits, "Clarke carries his stick a little heavier than it should be."

CLIFF LEACH

Oakhurst, N.J.

## FREE THROW OR THROWAWAY?

Sir:

Indiana's nationally televised overtime defeat of Michigan (*BASKETBALL'S WEEK*, Feb. 16) presented a perfect example of one of basketball's ridiculous rules. Indiana won because it violated the rules. By committing more than the limit of six personal fouls in the second half, the Hoosiers forced Michigan, leading by two points with 14 seconds left, to go to the line and risk giving Indiana the ball, which it did without scoring any points. If Indiana had not been over the foul limit, Michigan would have kept the ball. Similarly, if the rules allowed a team that was fouled in, say, the last two minutes of each half the choice of keeping the ball instead of having to shoot one-and-one free throws Michigan undoubtedly would have elected to keep the ball, and most likely would have won. The rule should be changed.

FRANK G. POLLOCK

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.



#### MANAGING THE BULLS

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick seems to draw some unusual conclusions about the Chicago Bulls and their managing partner, Jonathan Kovler (*Choice Seats at the Bull Ring*, Feb. 2). As Kovler's close personal friend for more than 12 of his 29 years, I can assure you that the Bulls are not one of his "toys." He is an intelligent, articulate gentleman with a logical business mind. As a dean's list student at American University and as the current director of a large charitable foundation, he has demonstrated that he can do more in 24 hours than most people can in a week.

Since when is it wrong to apply some normal "rules of thumb" to professional basketball players who think that signed three-year contracts should be torn up and renegotiated at their whim? Unlike Kovler, some star-struck owners drool at their players' feet, give them enormous salaries and guarantee a losing season at the gate. Professional basketball needs more owners like Kovler.

RONALD B. NEISENBaum

Philadelphia

#### HUNTING IN BAJA

Sir:

I found your Jan. 19 article *Baja: Road to Adventure* factual and exciting, but a bit irresponsible. You mention the availability of big-horn-sheep hunting but you do not mention that it is illegal to hunt this animal in Baja unless you qualify for a big-horn-sheep permit, which costs \$4,100. Only 20 of these permits are given to nonresidents each season. Anyone caught hunting this animal without a permit is subject to imprisonment, fine and confiscation of all guns and equipment, including automobile and/or plane.

You also mention white-winged dove shooting. The limit for white-wing at Baja is 10 per day Monday through Thursday, 20 on Friday, Saturday and Sunday from Sept. 1 to March 31, and you must have a hunting license (\$57.20).

I was born in Baja, and it is now my job to help protect her against irresponsible adventurers. Your article tends to suggest that anybody may go down there and shoot whatever he feels like, and of course this is misleading.

MICHAEL VALENCIA

Representative

Mexican Game Department

Montebello, Calif.

#### CULLING THE HUNTERS

Sir:

I read Russell Chatham's article *Shooting Elk in a Barrel* (Feb. 2) with interest, as I am a junior at Montana State University man-

aging in fish and wildlife management. I am also an avid hunter.

Controversy has clouded the Yellowstone elk situation for many years. The problem boils down to this: there are too many elk for their traditional winter range to support. The late-season "hunt" would be a good management tool were it not for the inept hunters who shoot at elk "over a mile away" or those who just "fired into the herd" and got one. Herein lies the problem. The blame rests not with the Department of Fish and Game, but with those who cannot conduct themselves in a sportsmanlike manner, yet still have the gall to call themselves hunters.

For as long as I have been hunting I have been told that slobs such as these make up only a small percentage of all hunters, and it is this "small percentage" that ruins it for the vast majority. If these slobs are so few in number, why do I keep running into them? I think it's time to stop fooling ourselves and admit that there are more "slob" hunters than we care to realize. We have to find some way to change them into responsible hunters or face the possibility of losing the sport entirely. The general public will not stand for much more of this.

RON CLARKE

Bozeman, Mont.

#### FAST FASTPITCH PITCHER

Sir:

With the abundance of sports activities in the world today, some are bound to be overlooked. However, the accomplishments of Ty Stoffer and the Rising Sun Hotel fastpitch softball team of Reading, Pa. representing the U.S. at the world tournament in New Zealand should not pass unheralded.

On Feb. 5 in a game against New Zealand, Stoffer pitched 20 innings without allowing a hit, struck out 32 of the 61 batters he faced and batted in the winning run (Rising Sun won 1-0). He struck out the side in the second, sixth, seventh, 12th, 15th and 18th innings and at one point had a string of eight straight strikeouts. A hit batter in the 19th inning was all that prevented Stoffer from pitching a perfect game.

Such a performance should be recognized, even though the world championships ended in a three-way tie for first place (Canada, New Zealand, Rising Sun) because of poor weather conditions.

FRED D.P. ROTHERMEL JR.

Reading, Pa.

#### A JUDGE'S VIEW ON VIOLENCE

Sir:

Inability to find space for playing the popular sports is a frustrating fact of life in urban America. The vacant lots and side streets that once served as playgrounds have been built

continued

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#### 19TH HOLE continued

up or are choked with parked cars and moving traffic. And playgrounds provided by city planners are too small and too few.

As I see it, there is a connection between this pent-up frustration and the tendency to brutality and violence in spectator sports. This tendency has become most apparent in hockey, but can spread to other spectator sports and may adversely affect the future of them all. In his recent article (*Wanted: An End to Mayhem*, Nov. 17) Ray Kennedy spread the blame among the hockey players, the media, the managers and the owners, but he let the spectators off almost scot-free. There are those who believe the root cause of this violence can be traced to a certain kind of spectator. Alas, we all know the type, they might be called the "violence freaks." The power of these "violence freaks" to denigrate modern sports should not be underestimated.

I suggest that both the past and the present indicate that "violence freaks" may be a root cause of violence in hockey and other spectator sports. But what can be done to protect and preserve these sports? I cannot give you the answer, although as an aging judge I have had long experience with violent personalities in criminal courts, a place they much frequent. Their cure is well beyond the expertise of the legal and medical professions. But a partial cure may lie in sports themselves. These troublesome people have had little or no experience in playing any body-contact sport. They may be the by-product of the urban shortage of space for sports. Could it be that some sharp physical contact might help them? I, for one, believe it might. I suggest that we revive a court game once played by the ancient Olmecs and Mayas—men and women. What makes it most suitable for urban play is that it required little space and was a body-only game. Neither hands nor feet could touch the ball, which was made of solid rubber and weighed 20 to 25 pounds. The ball was moved into a goal at either end of the small court by players striking it with their heads, shoulders, chests, buttocks, elbows or knees, and it was bounced not only on the floor of the court but also on the sloping walls flanking each side.

Let anyone think such a game might foster violence, let it be noted that spectators of this ancient sport are reported to have taken a dim view of outbursts of resentment between players. They had a cry, "Bad-tempered coward!" that seems to have been an effective check against wanton exertions of strength or intentional injuries.

J. RANDALL CREEL

Mill Neck, N.Y.

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